

# AMERICA

## A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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### Our Pauper Government

OF its nature, the Government of the United States is a pauper. To note how easily Congress enacts legislation, not infrequently without a word of debate, or even of explanation, calling for the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars, one might think that the Government owns an inexhaustible gold mine, or a magical lamp which, when rubbed by the Congressman from Podunk, will summon to Washington an army of jinns, every one with a chest of diamonds and pearls. But the Government has no gold mine, no magical lamp. It is a pauper.

But it is not a mendicant. It does not cringe, hat in hand, at the kitchen door, waiting for a cup of coffee. It does not beg; it takes. Whenever it wishes money for any of its projects, it puts its hand into the pocket of every citizen of the United States, and extracts therefrom what it thinks proper. To the Government, there are no one-way money chests, no pockets lined with fishhooks. When the Government speaks, chests are unlocked, and pockets left loose for the Government's investigating hand.

The first error in national finance is the supposition that the Government has private financial resources of its own. That delusion is fatal. Until the idea is ground into the mind of the citizen that the Government has not one penny that has not been taken from him and from his neighbor, we shall continue to have an orgy of spending at Washington, and, ultimately, bankruptcy.

During the last Congress, Representative Harold Knutson introduced a joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution to bring this fact home to the citizen. Under this amendment, every measure authorizing an appropriation would be accompanied by a tax bill to raise the necessary revenue. Many of the projects for which we now appropriate huge sums would be laid aside,

writes the Congressman, if with them were submitted a clear statement of the costs, and a tax bill. Probably the amendment will never be reported out of committee. Politicians with axes to grind do not care to let the public know how much it costs to grind these axes. It is easier and simpler, and also better for their political fortunes, to make the case a matter of modern accounting which no one, except the inventor, can understand.

The next error in connection with national finance is the theory that only the rich and the well-to-do pay taxes. This theory is no less absurd than the first.

There are in the United States about 175,000 separate units of government, Federal, State, and municipal, with power to impose and collect taxes. These units must raise nearly \$18,000,000,000 per year, or about \$580 per family. John Jones may not be conscious of having paid his \$580 last year, but it does not follow that he did not pay it. He may not have paid it directly, but he did pay it in the form of a higher cost of living. The owner of a tenement house does not pay the tax on it. His tenants pay it, and when the tax assessment is raised, the tenants, John Jones and the others, pay the addition in the form of higher rents. Everybody pays taxes, and no form of taxation has ever been devised which can keep the heaviest burden from falling on the ultimate consumer. As President Roosevelt said in a speech at Pittsburgh, on October 19, 1932:

Taxes are paid in the sweat of every man who labors, because they are a burden on production, and can be paid only by production. If excessive, they are reflected in idle factories, tax-sold farms, and, hence, in hordes of the hungry tramping the streets and seeking jobs in vain. Our workers may never see a tax bill, but they pay in deductions from wages, in increased cost of what they buy, or (as now) in broad cessation of employment.

The President was belaboring the iniquities of the Republican party, from which, he said, the economic depres-

sion took its unholy rise. But what he then said is capable of a much wider application. If high taxes under a Republican Administration had effects so baneful and so widespread, there is nothing in the laws of economics or of finance which can prevent their recurrence from high taxes under a Democratic Administration. It may be admitted that high taxes were a burden under President Hoover. They will be no lighter a burden under President Roosevelt.

Finally, when the tax rate rises above a certain stage, the period of diminishing returns sets in. President Roosevelt indicated some of the reasons in his Pittsburgh speech. A closed factory pays no taxes, and since penniless men cannot be purchasers, trade tends to decrease. It is easier to get blood from a turnip than money from the people when trade languishes and industry is dying. Up to the present, the Democratic Administration has presented no formula under which the Government can continue to pour out billions for its projects and escape the necessity of raising the tax rate. For the Government is a pauper, and it can spend no money without first taking it from the pockets of the people.

### Gilbert Keith Chesterton

SOMETIMES we mourn for men and women whom we have never seen as deeply as when some dear and familiar figure passes out of our fellowship forever. Such a man was the late Archbishop of Mexico City. Another was the dead Primate of Belgium, lying in state in his cathedral at Mechlin. Both were world figures who bore their honors meekly and their crosses without complaint. They showed us, unconsciously, a nobility in human nature that in the sweat and grime of our humdrum lives is too often hidden. When we look on them, it seems that if we cannot be what they were, or do what they did, we can at least be sweeter, more patient, more compassionate, in the little world that is ours.

To these, add the name of Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Thousands who never saw that great, genial, lumbering figure, not lurching and rolling down the Strand, like Dr. Johnson, but merrily conveyed, as he would say, "a good cabful," find the world bleaker, lonelier, now that he is gone. There is a silence in the world, for there was no voice, nor is there now, like Chesterton's.

He hated sham with a devastating, literally devastating, hatred, and he loved truth as he loved his God and his fellow-men. He saw a great shadow creeping over the world, the shadow of the Prince of Lying, and in the fetid darkness the forces of Satanism plotted all manner of evil things against God and His Christ, and against Christ's brethren. Chesterton consecrated his life to the service of truth. He loved men and he knew that the truth would dissipate this Satanic darkness. With the ardor of a militant crusader, and the burning zeal of a priest at the altar, in language that could be understood in his age by all who would listen, he preached the truth that makes men free. He could not hope to convert that world for which Our Divine Saviour would not pray. But a few

of its followers he did gain, and others who stopped to listen, as did the philosophers on the Hill of Mars, caught at least some gleam of the light.

There was new laughter in the courts of God when Thomas More was borne there by the angels of God. We like to think that St. Thomas will find an increase of extrinsic happiness as he greets his like-minded compatriot, Gilbert Keith Chesterton. Chesterton was gay, as only a Catholic, who sees more good than evil in the world, and a loving God holding us all in the hollow of His Hand, can be gay. He was gay, as grave Thomas Aquinas—with whom he can now read the book of the ways of God with man—was gay, and with the Poor Little Man of Assisi he will make merry in canticles of the love of God. Peace to his dear soul! Gilbert Keith Chesterton made this world a happier place for many of us, and now that he has gone we shall look forward to Heaven as a happier place, because one day, please God, we shall meet him there.

### The Abuse of Free Speech

NO native of New York would greatly wonder should his honored Mayor initiate a campaign of extermination against mosquitoes by ordering the police to hunt them down ruthlessly with hand grenades. This is only another way of saying that the titular head of the city is somewhat impulsive in his ways, and quite capable, when his ire has been roused, of trying to ride simultaneously in all directions. Some weeks ago we thought that one of his public acts indicated that he was essaying this feat of horsemanship. On second thought, however, we withdrew the impeachment.

What the Mayor did was to bring about, in a truly legalistic fashion, the arrest of a gentleman who has been editing a publication of which few New Yorkers, we venture to say, have ever heard. It seems that the editor—so the Mayor charges—has been making lying statements about certain public characters, and "against the Jewish religion." The Mayor was careful to observe that his action was in no sense an infringement upon the right of free speech guaranteed by the Constitution of the State of New York. It was merely an attempt to enforce, so to speak, the rest of the guarantee which provides that every citizen exercising the right of free speech shall be "responsible for the abuse of that right."

We take off our cap to the Mayor. There have been plenty of lying sheets in this town, but, so far as we know, no Mayor has ever tried to hold the authors of these lies responsible for their abuse of free speech. Our present Mayor asserts that if an editor prints a statement reflecting upon the character of any citizen, he ought to be willing to stand up in court and to prove what he has published. Furthermore, he ought to remember that statements made against a particular religion are most reproachable, since they tend to set citizen against citizen, and so stir up bad feeling in the community.

The action of the Mayor calls for commendation, but as we put ours on record, a carking suspicion enters our



mind. Was it not the Mayor himself who appointed to high office in this city a man who had habitually uttered in speech and also, unless we are misinformed, in print, statements most wounding to the feelings of about 2,000,000 Catholics in the metropolis? It cannot be said that the Mayor never heard of these charges, for he defended his official, after they had been cited, and he still keeps him in office.

The Mayor is right in his contention that charges made against a particular religion create bad feeling in the community. He is right again in stating that a publisher or speaker must be held responsible for what he prints or says. Unfortunately, however, the Mayor seems to believe that while attacks on the Jewish religion should bring the assailant to prison, attacks upon the Catholic religion can be passed over in silence.

### Man and His Wars

**A**N Eastern newspaper has recently adopted the scheme of sending one of its reporters to the busiest corner of the city during the noon hour. It is this gentleman's business to pry into the minds of the passers-by by putting to them certain questions on topics of the day. Up to this stage the scheme is not new. The novelty is secured by providing the reporter with a microphone through which questions and answers are carried over a network of radio stations.

Perhaps this scheme indulges our national curiosity to know our neighbor's business as well as our own, and fosters a yearning once, it is said, confined to New England, but at present nation wide. At any rate, the answers are often amusing, and not infrequently they serve as a fairly accurate reflection of the thoughts of that elusive person, "the man in the street." Some days ago, the leading question of the inquisitor was: "What would you do in case this country were to become involved in war?" Only a narrow basis for generalization can be found in half a dozen answers, but it is interesting to note that of the six men questioned only one affirmed his willingness to take up arms, and that only one declared that under no circumstances would he bear arms. "Well, if they start waving the flag," said the easy patriot, "I guess I'd fall in line." "I won't fight under any circumstances," replied the objector. "I believe that all war is bad."

Between these two replies, there is a wide field for variance. Perhaps the easy patriot is the realist, for he recognizes the old unfortunate truth that when the drums begin to beat, intelligence is apt to fly out of the window. Men then reason through their heightened blood pressure, through their feet that will not keep still, through their emotions—through anything except their intellects. If all military bands could be suppressed, along with all tom-toms and their human counterparts that we knew on the eve of the World War, these men would never think of enlisting.

At the other end of the scale in bad reasoning is the man who affirmed his belief that all war is bad. He was wrong, of course, but he, too, was a realist in a degree.

Had he contended that today it is extremely difficult to think of conditions which would justify war, and practically impossible to find circumstances justifying an aggressive war, we should agree with him. All civilized nations agree that war should be the last resort, and that no means of maintaining peace should be left untried. But this is largely a theoretical agreement, since the means at hand are not, as a rule, fairly used, and sometimes are not used at all.

The answer of a third passer-by, a government employee, calls for some consideration. "If this country were actually invaded, I'd fight, but should we get mixed up in a war in Europe, I'd go to jail rather than fight." But he added that an invasion of this country was so remote that it might well be considered impossible.

This reply probably gives the present position of most Americans. Whether or not they would resist conscription should we find ourselves involved in a war on the Continent is another question, but it is highly probable that many would. The efforts of the peace societies, actively at work since the close of the World War, have had their effect, especially among the young. It is not at all likely that flag waving and drum beating would draw our young men into the ranks, as they did in 1917. A Congress which should attempt to declare the existence of a state of war between the United States and a foreign country, would, unless the justice of the cause were abundantly plain, find itself engaged in a war with its own citizens.

The nation is beginning to understand, we think, that a war is neither just nor necessary, merely because a majority in Congress vote it to be just or necessary. If the politicians in Congress, in the munitions and war-material factories, and in other quarters, can learn something of the present temper of our people, war will become decidedly more remote. When all nations reach the same understanding, war will be as obsolete as dueling.

### Leaving All Else

**T**HEY had seen the miraculous draught of fishes. They had heard the prediction made to Peter: "From henceforth thou shalt catch men." They had received their high vocation. By surrendering their ships and their nets and their humble cottages, all unknown to themselves the little band of Apostles had made the great election. So runs the Gospel story for the Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

For Christ, Our Lord, for Whom that day they left all things, is the focal point at which Divinity and humanity meet and mingle. He is the unique gate through which all must pass to the Father. He is the one straight way cleaving through the labyrinthine maze of the world; the Truth that has brought noonday brilliance to benighted minds; the Life by which men are quickened to go on to life eternal. Take Jesus of Nazareth out of the pages of history and man's life becomes a hopeless riddle. When Western civilization reached its height He was at its center. Now that He has been banished that civilization is tottering. Truly He is "the King and center of all hearts."

Few of us follow the example of the Apostles. Christ and all that He means has become a matter of hastily mumbled prayers, a half-hour at Mass on Sunday grudgingly given. We have time for everything else but Him. Our business concerns, our social activities, the cares of daily life give us no leisure for Jesus Christ. The noisy bustle and dinning rush do not allow us to hear His voice. Have we yet realized that the price of high achievement for ourselves and others is renunciation, the leaving of all things to follow Him?

From that morning when they left all they possessed on the sands of the shore of Gennesareth to walk with Our Lord, order and light and true life came to the Apostles. Until we have made Christ and His Kingdom the focus of our own lives, we cannot hope to have true happiness, nor can we expect to be able to bring our share of help and healing to a sick world.

### Note and Comment

#### The President At Vincennes

**E**N ROUTE from the West for Washington, President Roosevelt stopped at Vincennes, Ind., and there dedicated a memorial to George Rogers Clark, Revolutionary War hero. The secular press with remarkable reticence in view of the publicity it has given to Nazi-dictated condemnations of German friars, failed to mention the Catholic side of the celebration. The President himself was more generous, stating: "To Father Pierre Gibault and to Col. Francis Vigo, a patriot of Italian birth, next to Clark himself the United States is indebted for the saving of the Northwest Territory." He might have been even stronger in his tribute to these two Catholics. If it had not been for Father Gibault's visit to Vincennes, a key position as Clark realized, the final capture of the English fort there in February, 1779, could not have been effected. To the priest's influence must be credited the much-needed good-will of the French settlers. While the President dedicated the memorial to Clark, the Most Rev. Joseph E. Ritter, Bishop of Indianapolis, dedicated the statue of Father Gibault. The Most Rev. Joseph M. Schlarman, Bishop of Peoria, paid tribute to the pioneer priest's gallant memory. But of this Catholic phase not a word in the papers. If the people of this country will but reflect on the debt they owe to the Catholics who helped to found it, they will not be so quick to credit the cries that are being raised against their brothers across the seas.

#### Summer Schools And Sisters

**S**HORTLY after July 1, 125 Catholic universities, colleges, and normal schools in this country will be opened to conduct summer sessions. A great variety of subjects are offered for those students who wish to gain extra credits and for teachers who desire to advance themselves professionally. The courses in Economics, Social

Justice, and Social Studies are receiving special emphasis. Approximately 35,000 students are in attendance. No small part of this number is made up of Sisters. With the noise of their own classrooms still ringing in their ears the devoted nuns go back themselves to the benches for their vacation. Many of them carry a positively staggering schedule. To this is added not only the "homework" that they must do but also the burden of religious duties and, for not a few, even housework. After the six weeks or so of summer school they are off to make their retreat. A few days are given them to catch their breath and then, lo, they are back with their charges again. All credit to these holy women who are spending themselves to bring Christ into the lives of His little ones!

#### Our Lady of the Andes Loses Her Crown

**W**ARREN PIPER of Chicago, in the interest of "a very small group" of American gem merchants, has bought from the Catholic church of Popayan, Colombia, the gold and emerald crown of Our Lady of the Andes, which was wrought by Spanish goldsmiths more than three centuries ago, and which contains 453 emeralds valued in the neighborhood of \$4,500,000. The syndicate purchased it for its "money investment" rather than for its beauty, though they permitted it to be exhibited recently at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York with Mr. Piper standing by, pistol on hip. The crown was completed in Popayan in 1599, a gift of the citizens to the Blessed Virgin for protecting their town from a plague that ravaged the surrounding territory, with instructions to the goldsmiths that "it must exceed in beauty, in grandeur, and in value the crown of any reigning monarch on earth, else it would not be a becoming gift to the Queen of Heaven." Many of the emeralds (the largest of which is reputed to be a forty-five carat gem) had been seized at an earlier date by the Spanish conquistadores from Atahualpa, the Inca of Peru, from his palaces, from his concubines, and from the mummies of his ancestors. These emeralds bid fair to return to secular settings in the near future, because Mr. Piper plans to destroy the crown, melt the gold, and sell the stones to the jewelry trade. Our Lady of the Andes is now left crownless, a victim, it may be said, of the depression.

#### Sylvester II, Stenographer

**T**HE many thousands of stenographers, who daily glance bleakly over the weird signs and whirls in their note books, may pluck up heart at the recollection that no less a personage than Pope Sylvester II, who reigned from 999 to 1003, was an expert shorthand writer. This Pope, who was by the way the first Frenchman to ascend the Papal throne, began his career as a Benedictine monk in the abbey of St. Géraud at Aurillac. He became one of the most renowned scholars of Christendom; he taught grammar, dialectic, rhetoric, arithmetic, music, astronomy, and geometry, and perfected himself in the system of shorthand known at his time. His shorthand served him well when he was appointed secretary to the



Archbishop of Rheims. In course of time Gerbert, which was the name of this learned monk, was promoted to the primatial See of Rheims. Later he became Archbishop of Ravenna, and finally, in 999, was elected to the Chair of Peter in succession to Gregory V, taking the name of Sylvester II. In his writings, which were voluminous, the Pope employed very largely a system of Latin shorthand, as an aid in sketching rapidly the themes upon which he was engaged at the time; and among his letters there are numerous indications that Sylvester II was accustomed to make use of stenographic combinations to shorten the labor of writing.

#### Catholic Schools In China

HOW highly even the pagan Chinese value the instruction given in the Catholic schools maintained by the missionaries, may be seen in the fact that during the last school year the number of students of all kinds increased by 25,000; so that there are now something like 417,463 young Chinese receiving their education through the Catholic schools in the country. It is not to be assumed that all these students are Catholics. Far from it. A very great number of them are non-Christians, and that says a great deal for the Catholic establishments when their superior education attracts a large number of pagans. The three Catholic universities at Peking, Shanghai, and Tientsin have between them a student roll of about 2,140, of whom the non-Christians outnumber the Catholics. Students in the training colleges have increased in the past year, but there has been a slight decrease in the number of students attending the schools for the catechists. On the other hand, primary schools have gone up; there are 4,117 schools with 170,753 pupils, as against 3,877 schools and 151,196 pupils at the previous enumeration.

#### The Hospital Chaplain

AT the twenty-first annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association of the United States and Canada, in Baltimore, June 15 to 19, the Right Rev. Leo Gregory Fink, chaplain of the Sacred Heart Hospital in Allentown, Pa., pointed out that culture and learning are needed for the chaplain's office as well as charity and zeal. "Communism," said Msgr. Fink, "has already made its way into our hospitals in the United States. Communist house papers are being published in several large general hospitals, and Catholic hospitals need not flatter themselves that they will be immune. The best protection against such a contagion is the life and example of a devoted and competent chaplain." Little consolation, however, for Communists or for any other critics of Catholic hospital ideas was to be derived from the magnificent display of technical skill, science, and cooperative effort that greeted seeing and hearing alike in the convention sessions and exhibits. Marshaled in the Fifth Regiment Armory in Baltimore were the glittering armaments of healing, uniformed squadrons in the regiments battling for charity's victory over death, sickness and despair. The convention marked the "coming of age" for the most

completely national work which Catholics have to their credit in this country.

#### Parade Of Events

SOME peculiar twists in modern life were revealed in the week's news. . . . A young man in Brooklyn was sentenced to three days in jail for hanging up his coat. He hung it on a fire-alarm box. . . . In her will, a New York woman divided her watch. She gave the case to one friend, the hour hand to another; the rest of the works to a third. . . . Twelve years ago an Eastern man ate a tack. After eleven years of non-interference, the tack started attacking his digestion. . . . Another feature of the Victorian era seems doomed. Tape measures are on the way out, tailors say. Tailor-made suits will be forged in the future by pouring a cellulose substance over the man. . . . The old line about turning swords into ploughshares is assuming the new form: turning warships into razor blades. Sold for junk to razor concerns, proud warships which once pushed through turbulent seas are now pushing through tranquil beards. As to which draws the most blood, warships or razor blades, science has never definitely committed itself. . . . Commissioner Valentine of New York declared the Bronx was the safest place for motorists. His assertion was challenged. The only safe places for motorists on American territory were the extreme northern portion of Alaska and Little America, authorities held. . . . New triumphs heartened science. . . . Bacteria sleeping for 100 years were awakened by dipping them in a hot paraffin bath. Hope was expressed that drowsy disease germs may be made active again by daily baths. . . . Reports leaked out that the Republican National Committee intended to use strategy in the campaign. . . . Observers felt the Democrats would employ strategy, too. Labor unrest was spreading rapidly to the specialized crafts. In Spain, snake charmers, demanding thirty cents a day, walked out on a nation-wide strike. Grave fears were expressed that the strike may be a long one, causing great privations for the general public. . . . The oft-discussed question, who buys the new pajamas—the Board of Education or the teacher whose pajamas catch fire while he is correcting examination papers—was settled by the Georgia Supreme Court, in a history-making precedent. The one who buys the new, unburnt pajamas is the teacher.

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FRANCIS X. TALBOT  
Editor-in-Chief

PAUL L. BLAKELY      JOHN LAFARGE  
GERARD B. DONNELLY      JOHN A. TOOMEY      LEONARD FEENEY  
Associate Editors  
FRANCIS P. LEBUFFE, Business Manager

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## First Communion

STEVEN FLEMING

ONE thing I remember about my First Communion is a pious legend which I hope the Sisters still tell their First Communion classes on the day before. It is the story of Napoleon, a great but evil man, and how, toward the end of his life, one of his aides asked him what was the happiest day of his life. Napoleon ran through the list of his triumphs in his head, and with insight distinctive even for him answered: "The day of my First Communion."

Sister told us the story on the afternoon before at the "rehearsal." That morning we had all made our first Confession; Father O'Day must have been secretly delighted by the little iniquities we so earnestly accused ourselves of. Now we were practising in the upper church, which was only used on Sundays, for funerals, and on special occasions. We filed down the aisle two by two, taking great care to keep erect and yet walk on every third tile. This we did so that the procession might be in perfect order. The girls sat on one side of the aisle while the boys sat on the other. I think there were six to a pew.

But as we looked around, our feeling for order and balance was severely wounded; there were four more rows of boys than of girls. We wondered if anything could be done to make the two groups even. Presently Sister Superior hit upon the expedient of having only five girls (evenly spread out, of course) sit in some of the benches; we filed out and in again and this time it came out right. Sister Superior was the first genius I came in contact with.

Next we practised going up to receive Communion. The altar rail was too high for the tallest of us, so we were to use a Communion cloth instead; the gate would be open and we would actually go right up on the altar, almost to the steps. There, running from side to side, would be a long, stiffly starched, and absolutely immaculate strip of linen which was very much like an altar cloth and might have been one. On each side, it would be held up by a prie-dieu. It wasn't ready yet, so we had to pretend. Then a big fellow who was an altar boy showed how the priest gives Communion. We filed back to our seats with hands folded and eyes cast down in the prescribed manner of devotion.

Then Sister told us that when we came back to our seats from receiving Communion, we should make a private act of love to Our Lord. And she suggested that now we say a prayer to Him to make us worthy of receiving Him properly. Unnecessary precaution; if we could ever be worthy, certainly it was then. I believe she concluded her instructions by telling us that story of Napoleon but I don't think she mentioned him by name.

Next morning I experienced magnificence. I remember myself entering the Church, walking down the first few feet (inches then) of the aisle, the thundering of

the organ overhead and the sudden impulse to run away. There was glory everywhere; it was like a medieval coronation. The lights were bright and on the altar was a multitude of candles burning. In the back of the church was a large and very joyous choir of girls' voices. We understood that, next to the priest, we were the center of attraction and that we should behave with corresponding dignity and reserve. So we couldn't stand up to stare at the altar or turn around to see the choir. However, and especially when the organ began a hymn, most of us were unable to resist the impulse to turn our heads around, as far as our necks would let us, even though we couldn't see half-way up the church and disappointed Sister in the bargain.

We were all dressed in white—the boys in white suits, the girls in white dresses and veils. Our legs were outfitted not in socks, but in long stockings which were more reverent. Sister had said that the boys might wear black shoes and stockings. I told my mother but she said that that was for the very poor boys who couldn't manage to get white ones. I thought it would be tactful for me to wear black ones; they seemed very sophisticated and grown-up. However, I was overjoyed at the effect when I found myself dressed all in white, like a prince. We all had white prayer books and also white rosaries, I think. Amid the candles on the altar were vases with great masses of flowers. There were roses and carnations, I suppose. I am sure that there were calla-lilies.

The specific happiness of making my First Communion is a royal emotion which I am at a loss to reproduce. Father O'Day, the curate, gave a sermon in a personal manner which I cannot be persuaded was overdone. We went up to receive Communion, came back, were frightened and distracted to discover that we were in the wrong places. Reassured by Sister in a low voice, we proceeded to make our thanksgivings. The choir sang a hymn to the Holy Child. I have heard the same composition several times since and I am depressed to observe that it has not the sublime exaltation that it had then.

After Mass, we filed out into the sunlight and down to the schoolyard. There we were presented with our Communion pictures which, this year, represented Christ surrounded by clouds giving Communion to an enraptured young man clad in a long gown, who looked something like St. John. When properly filled out, it testified that the named recipient had on a definite day in the May of a year which I do not choose to calculate, received his First Holy Communion in our parish. I always envied my sister her Communion picture. It is a colored reproduction of the Last Supper. My mother said she intended to have them framed but she never got around to it.

This is the chronicle. I turn my memories of that day around in my head. I completely circumscribe the event. But I miss the essential fact. It is, as I suggested, a



happiness which I cannot translate. For some, it is a secret which I need not whisper. But, I am afraid, it is a mystery which certain others shall never understand.

That morning breakfast was very special; there were bacon and eggs (which I wasn't usually allowed); there were also French rolls. My father gave me two dollars; the woman downstairs gave me half a dollar; someone also gave me a quarter. I went down to the store at the corner of the street and bought the first three volumes of the Sunny Boy Series (which cost fifty cents each) and three books which were reproductions of comic strips: two "Mutt and Jeffs" and one "Bringing Up Father."

(They were each a quarter.) I saved the other fifty cents and I don't know what I did with it finally. This is all I remember of my First Communion Day.

Except one thing. The lady at the store was stout, gray-haired, and rather nice. Now everyone around knew that it was First Communion Day but she was a Baptist sometimes and a Methodist the rest of the time. I think that she felt out of it because she wasn't a Catholic, as if she wanted to say something stingy about my wealth but didn't dare to be so cruel. Anyway, she was a little cross and gruff to me that morning. I might even say, cranky.

## Catholic Representation in Canadian Government

E. L. CHICANOT

**W**ITHIN the past year a general upset has taken place in Canadian government as the result of a Federal and several Provincial elections. At the present time, for the main part, bodies of political complexions are legislating for the Canadian people in Ottawa and at the capitals of most of the Provinces different from those which represented it twelve months ago. Many individuals who briefly flashed upon the national screen to become familiar to the public at large have passed into the obscurity of forgotten parliamentarians, and one hears new names, sees new faces, follows the early shaping of new careers.

Voters at the last elections selected among a greater number of political parties than ever appealed to the electorate for support with panaceas for current ills, and were confronted with a bewildering array of names which very frequently meant little to them. Vaguely they might run an eye over the sketchy particulars furnished of these men who would represent them at the seats of government. Hereditarily they belonged to every part of the world from which Canada in the past has drawn immigration. They represented every possible class and calling, belonged to every manner of religion.

From casual reflection on this last detail emerged the not uninteresting speculation as to the part played by Catholic Canadians in the government of their country. Though this particular is nearly always furnished in the brief biographies of parliamentary candidates or members, one is seldom prone to inquire as to the religion of a man in politics, and in a broad way should not be unduly influenced by this element. The religious issue, it must be said, does not often crop up significantly in Canadian affairs, yet circumstances may develop at any time, and such has transpired in the past, when a member's religion may be more important than his party politics. And so there is more than mere academic interest in seeking to ascertain whether Catholics in Canada play the part in government their numbers would seem to justify, and whether they are adequately represented in the various legislatures.

The present furnishes a particularly advantageous time to institute such an inquiry, since one can still observe

those legislatures which have shortly gone out while surveying those which have replaced them. By reason of the very general change of parties which has taken place in both Federal and Provincial houses, a fair idea of prevailing Catholic representation in Canadian government should be gleaned.

For such a survey to have meaning one must have some understanding of the position occupied by Catholics in the general population, Catholics in Canada heavily outweigh the number of any other denomination, and, numbering 4,098,547 at the last census, constitute 39.48 per cent of the total population. Distribution is, however, very uneven. The backbone of Catholicism in Canada is, of course, the French-Canadian race, whose members account for more than half the Catholics in the country. The Province of Quebec, where this people is concentrated, accordingly accounts for the bulk of Canada's Catholic population, there being 2,458,285 residents of this faith, or 85.5 per cent of the aggregate. The opposite of Quebec is Ontario, generally considered as the most Protestant Province of Canada, but nevertheless having 715,848 Catholics, or 20.8 per cent of its total population.

The Maritime Provinces are more Catholic than anything else. Prince Edward Island's 39,084 Catholics form 44.4 per cent of its entire population; New Brunswick's population is 46.5 per cent Catholic, with 108,007 members of the Faith; Nova Scotia's 161,855 Catholics represent 31.55 per cent of all the Province's people. The Faith is not so well represented in Western Canada; British Columbia, mostly English, is, strangely, proportionately the most Catholic Province, with its 87,333 Catholic adherents representing 23.7 per cent of the total population. Saskatchewan is 20.5 per cent Catholic, with 189,703 of the Faithful. Alberta is 17.8 per cent Catholic with 130,893 members of the Faith; and Manitoba's Catholics number 122,982 or 17.5 per cent of all the people in the Province. On account of intensive Catholic missionary work in the area, the sparsely settled Northwest Territory is substantially Catholic, its 3,390 adherents making up 40.15 per cent of the area's meager population.

An indication of how in the past this broad territory has sent Catholic representatives to Ottawa to frame legis-

lation for it and generally guide its destinies, and how through meritorious service these men have risen to the top to occupy supreme seats of government, is given in a brief survey of the King's Privy Council for Canada. This body consists of men who occupy Cabinet positions in the Ministry of the Government of the day and those who have been ministers in previous governments, whose services are available to the Governor-General in an advisory capacity. The last parliamentary list shows 98 of them, and 38, or more than one-third, are declared Catholics. This is a very satisfactory showing for Catholicism in Canada, especially in view of the fact that several members of the council are members of the British and other Dominion Parliaments, added at the time of their presence at conferences at Ottawa. Without exhaustive delving this shows light on Catholics' outstanding part in Canadian government in the immediate past.

Most of these Catholic privy councilors will be found to have French names, reflecting Quebec's heavy Catholic representation in the Dominion House of Commons, but furnishing testimony at the same time to the well-established ability of the French Canadian in public affairs. There are some notable exceptions, however. For instance, the Hon. Peter Heenan, Minister of Labor in the former Liberal Government, and the Hon. P. J. Manion, Minister of Railways in the late Conservative Government, both of whom in the House represented Ontario constituencies. There is also the Hon. Charles Murphy, Minister without Portfolio in the recently defeated Government, and the Hon. J. A. Macdonald, from Nova Scotia, who is also a member of the Senate.

In a similar way appointment to the Senate usually reflects a successful and meritorious parliamentary career, this honor being regarded as the reward of long and signal public service as well as having the intention of retaining ripeness of experience and maturity of judgment in governmental affairs. The Senate now has a membership of 96, Quebec, Ontario, the Maritime Provinces, and the Western Provinces each contributing 24. In the Senate of the last Parliament, of the 96 parliamentarians who had given a lifetime of service to the state no less than 36 were Catholic, and appointments made to replace vacancies caused by death have added two more to Catholic representation in this august body of the present Parliament.

They represent all Provinces with the exception of British Columbia, Prince Edward Island having 2, Nova Scotia 3, New Brunswick 4, Quebec 19, Ontario 6, Manitoba 2, and Saskatchewan and Alberta 1 each. While half of the Catholic Senators represent Quebec, their very names proclaiming their religious adherence, whose record of service is so uniformly high that distinction among them would be invidious, there are other names which similarly rank high on the roster of Canadian public life. Such are James Donnelly, James Joseph Hughes, George Lynch-Staunton, Charles Murphy, and Frank Patrick O'Connor in Ontario; Patrick Burns, Aime Bernard, A. Marcotte, Patrick Mulloy in the western Provinces; and Thomas Bourque, Antoine Leger, John

McCormick, Henry McGuire, P. J. Quinn, and John Anthony Macdonald in the Provinces on the Atlantic.

The House of Commons consists of 245 members, and a survey of those who composed the Parliament which legislated for Canada for five years prior to the opening of the new year would indicate that 78 of them are Catholics, or again roughly one-third of the total. Among them were two privy councilors and four Cabinet Ministers. Quebec, of course, accounted for the largest body of Catholic representatives in the House, 57 of the 65 members it sent to Ottawa being of the Faith. Catholic members to represent the Province of Ontario were surprisingly strong numerically, numbering 10 out of the total of 82, and including more than one member of the Cabinet. Catholic representation from the Maritime Provinces was also extremely gratifying, with 4 members out of New Brunswick's 11, 4 out of Nova Scotia's 15, and 1 out of Prince Edward Island's 4. Western Canada not unexpectedly made a poorer showing. Alberta and Manitoba had one Catholic member each out of 16 and 17 members respectively, while the Catholic religion was not represented at all in membership from British Columbia and Saskatchewan.

Strangely enough, the new election which saw a complete reversal of parties and most former members defeated, returned exactly the same number of Catholic representatives, 78, to the House of Commons. Their distribution is a little different, however, every Province of the Dominion being represented. Quebec has only 54 Catholic members in the new Parliament instead of its former 57; the number in Ontario remains the same at 10; the Maritime Provinces have an extra Catholic representative due to an additional member of the Faith from New Brunswick; while Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia now have each a single Catholic member in the Federal House.

The similar upset which has occurred in most Provincial legislatures in the course of the past year has had the effect of somewhat strengthening Catholic representation. Prior to the new elections, which resulted in nearly every case in the old parties being rejected and new ones returned to power, 128 out of the 519 members of the nine Provincial legislatures were Catholics, or about one-quarter of the total. Catholic representation in the new Provincial Parliaments is apparently 149, or an increase of 21 over the members formerly sitting.

Here the influence of Quebec is naturally found stronger than ever, membership in the Provincial house being almost solidly Catholic from the Premier down, only 7 of the 90 members subscribing to some other faith. This does not leave many Catholics for the legislatures of the other Provinces. Outside of the French Provinces New Brunswick makes the best showing, with 16 Catholics among its 48 members, the last election having added five to the number. It is followed by Prince Edward Island, which has 8 out of its 30 members, the last election having added two to the number. In Ontario there are but 10 Catholics out of 112 members, but this is four more than in the previous house. In Nova Scotia there



are 6 Catholics out of 30 Provincial members, in Alberta 5 out of 63, in Manitoba 2 out of 55, in Saskatchewan 4 out of 63, and British Columbia 2 out of 47, all having maintained their numbers or increased them at the recent elections.

Out of the 860 members of the principal bodies of government in Canada, the Senate and Federal and Provincial legislatures, 265 are Catholics, or over 30 per cent. Among them are men nationally famous in business, commerce, the arts, the judiciary, philanthropy, as well as in international affairs—men who have brought to public life splendid talents developed in a score of fields. They represent a cross-section of the best in the national life.

On the whole, considering that, generally speaking, religion in Canada does not obtrude itself into politics, that voters in determining the candidates they will support consider party affiliations and politics almost entirely and seldom inquire into or give weight to religious convictions, Catholic representation in the higher phases of Canadian government must be regarded as gratifying. The religion of the Catholic members noted has never been a question in election. They have naturally risen to the top in public life and, actuated solely by ideals of service, permitted themselves to be put up for election as truly representing sections of the populace. It is a not unworthy record for the Catholic laity.

## Belgium's Boast—Damien

FRANK GEREIN

ENDLESS eulogies have within recent months been showered upon a quiet, self-effacing, heroic little man, who in 1863 left his native Belgium in the vigor of youth and whose mortal remains were returned to the land of his birth in 1936. Not a newspaper, secular or religious, in this Western world, but brought reports of the posthumous triumphant journey of Father Damien from Molokai, the leprous island haunt of his self-imposed exile, to San Francisco and thence to his home land, Belgium.

Forty-six years ago, Robert Louis Stevenson, a literary immortal and non-Catholic, writing from Sydney in Australia, sprang to the defense of this martyr of the lepers and ventured the laudatory prophecy that Father Damien is a spiritual immortal whose cause for canonization would not be delayed beyond 100 years. A thousand eulogies and tributes, not one striking a discordant note, have been paid this martyr of charity within recent months.

Who is this unusual man who has so universally stirred men's emotions and evoked such unstinted and enthusiastic praise? And this, less than half a century after his death? Few men attain fame and glory after death. Most men fade from memory within very few years following their demise. Why is Damien an exception? In life, he labored unknown and unsung, amid indescribable wretchedness, squalor, and vicious immorality. Undaunted, he remained true to his mission until a merciful death visited him in his field of solitary and voluntary exile. With death, his mission began to spread and pass beyond the forbidding shores of Molokai; in crescendo fame, glory, and praise began to come to him, reaching as it were their secular zenith in 1936. With confident hearts we hope that they will continue to increase until they culminate in canonization.

Joseph de Veuster was born on January 3, 1840, in the little village of Tremeloo, six miles from Louvain. His parents were humble peasant farmers who had six other children. But they were pious, practical Catholics who fostered the Christian virtues in their children. Despite their modest poverty his parents endeavored to provide

their offspring with a Christian education. Joseph's elder brother, Auguste, was sent to Louvain to study with the Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, better known as the Picpus Fathers. Auguste ultimately joined the Congregation and became a priest.

Young Joseph, from his earliest youth, gave unmistakable signs of future sanctity. Yet his was a happy, merry, sunny disposition, disposed to laughter. In all respects he was a real boy. His father, not yet discerning the true vocation of Joseph, destined his son for a commercial career. He managed to raise sufficient money and accordingly sent him to the College of Braine-le-compte in Hainault.

In 1858 at Hainault, Joseph being then eighteen years old, the Redemptorist Fathers preached a mission which was to determine his true vocation to something higher. Joseph was quite ready to answer the call, but his parents at first hesitated to give their consent. At Christmas he wrote again:

This great feast has brought a certainty that God has called me to leave the world and embrace the Religious state. Therefore, my dear parents, I ask you again for your consent, for without it I cannot venture to enter on this career. God's command to obey our parents does not apply only to childhood.

Thus he defends the virtue of obedience, but at the same time warns that parents have no right to interfere with a real vocation. His parents withdrew their opposition.

After hesitating somewhat between the Trappist and the Picpus Fathers, he finally decided to join the latter. It was at first decided that he enter as a lay Brother. But during the first six months, with the help of his brother Auguste, he made such rapid progress in Latin that these plans were changed. He was sent to the novitiate in Paris where he took the customary three vows in January, 1860. On this occasion he changed his name to Damien, thus adopting the name of the saintly doctor of Cilicia who suffered torture and martyrdom in the early Christian persecutions. After his novitiate he was sent to Louvain where he continued his studies until the autumn of 1863.

His brother had meanwhile been ordained and was known as Father Pamphile.

For years these two brothers had longed and prayed, especially to St. Francis Xavier, for the privilege of becoming missionaries in pagan lands. Providence ordained that Damien, not Pamphile, should go. After a voyage of five months fraught with serious danger, he landed at Honolulu on March 19, 1864. In May he was ordained to the priesthood and said his first Mass in the Cathedral of Honolulu. A few days later he was assigned to the large island of Hawaii where he was to labor for almost ten years.

Leprosy is the scourge of many Pacific islands; it makes of them "living graveyards." Leprosy is a cutaneous disease which spreads over the entire body; it begins by thickening of the skin and its first symptoms are large, white blotches thereon. Then comes ulceration and rotting of the skin and flesh. As it spreads over the body, parts die and fall off. It is aptly called "living death." It is the most hideous, malodorous, and revolting disease imaginable. Loathsome as it is, no effective remedies for its cure have as yet been discovered. Proper sanitation and cleanliness can only mitigate its horrors; religion alone can obviate the despair which it engenders.

This disease was so widespread on the Hawaiian Islands that in 1856 the Hawaiian Government took steps to combat its ravages by segregation. The island of Molokai was selected as the land of life-long exile for all lepers without distinction of race, color, sex, or rank. There conditions soon became indescribable. Eight hundred lepers dwelt in wretched squalor, in frail, dank, filthy, grass-thatched shacks, without adequate food or medicine, without government and without the consolations of religion. Vice and hideous immorality prevailed. The unfortunate outcasts of society lived like beasts, destitute of every trace of decency. Robert Louis Stevenson, who visited the island, described it as "a pitiful place to visit and a hell to live in."

In 1873, when only thirty-three years old, Father Damien offered to go to this "living graveyard," where the average length of life was five years. His Bishop gladly accepted the generous offer and Father Damien embarked on a vessel carrying fifty lepers to Molokai. He now began his life's work. Nature had equipped him well for his mission. He was young, vigorous, and of robust constitution. During the first six weeks on the island he had no home and lived under the shelter of a palm tree, acquiring then a temporary shelter and somewhat later a small two-story house.

Henceforth he was "all unto all" to these unfortunate victims of the dread disease. From the Government of the Hawaiian Islands he obtained several shiploads of building materials and helped the stricken natives build their huts and cottages. With his beloved lepers, he worked and built a system of water-works which yielded an unfailing supply of pure, fresh water, sufficient for drinking, bathing, and washing. To supply food and decent clothing, he equipped two small stores under Government auspices. With indomitable energy he then began

work on a suitable hospital and by dint of unceasing efforts finally obtained the services of a resident doctor.

While thus caring for the most crying physical needs he did not overlook the desperate spiritual conditions of the island. Never had these exiles had such a friend. They appreciated, they loved him, and his efforts proved successful. Not only did he remove drunkenness, but he destroyed their stills. He built two orphanages and instructed the children in the open air. He erected two churches and surrounded them with cemeteries. He even dug the graves and built the coffins of the dying lepers. He was incessantly striving to elevate the island's condition of spiritual desolation, giving his services and consuming his energies for the welfare of all without distinction of creed or class.

In every possible way he tried to redeem the dying and to reclaim the wicked from their vice. He was ever administering the Sacraments of Penance and Extreme Unction to the numerous dying, and this amid conditions which would have broken the spirit of a less holy and zealous priest. He conducted funerals almost daily. He trained a choir and organized a band for the music-loving sufferers. He held processions with the Blessed Sacrament and in 1879 organized a Guild of Perpetual Adoration. In a word, there was no phase of spiritual labor which the heroic missionary did not perform.

In a short time he had effected an astounding transformation. To enable him to do all this, he wrote countless letters to all parts of the world begging for alms and assistance; yet his humility pleaded that they be not published. In 1881 the King of Hawaii conferred on him the Cross of Knight Commander, an honor which he accepted with obvious distaste and only in virtue of the vow of obedience.

But while his energetic vigor was unimpaired and his sunny disposition continued to regenerate and inspire, his days were drawing to a close. The work was so abundant and exacting that two priests, Fathers Conradi and Wendolin, and two lay Brothers, Brother James and the late celebrated convert, Brother Joseph Dutton, were sent to the island to assist him. For twelve years he had toiled for his wrecked and broken charges when in 1885 the ulcerous finger of leprosy touched him. But even now his heroism failed him not. Gradually the foul disease ate into his flesh until he was a living carcass, but he labored on in the sweet offices of grace until the end.

In 1886 he came to Honolulu to beg Mother Marianne who had come from the Franciscan Convent in Syracuse, N. Y., to open a house on Molokai. His appearance at this time already beckoned to the grave. His face and neck were a livid purple; his nose was swollen; his ears enlarged and drooping. To add to his anguish, his mother in Belgium whom he had last seen in 1864 passed to her reward. As time went on the scourge spread over his body and his sufferings became more and more acute. Yet he bore all with angelic patience, finding consolation in the fact that the inside of his hands remained untouched so that he could say Mass almost to the end of his life.



A further consolation came to him in November, 1888, when Mother Marianne with two Sisters arrived. She was to carry on ably and efficiently much of Father Damien's work for the next thirty years. She died at Molokai in 1918. Now Father Damien's condition became rapidly worse. Hitherto he had slept on a miserable mattress on the ground without change of linen or sheets, and only with difficulty could he be persuaded to lie upon a bed which was to be his deathbed. At the end of March, 1889, he was entirely helpless. On April 15, 1889, he died peacefully and happily, to the inconsolable grief of the people to whom he had given his life. He was laid to rest beneath the same palm tree that had sheltered him during his first night at Molokai. And there he slept, undisturbed, until January 27, 1936.

If he shunned fame while he lived, he could not prevent the world from publicly acclaiming his heroic exploits after his death. Europe and America vied with each other in chanting his praise and extolling his merits. King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, sponsored a movement which erected, as a fitting and enduring monument to Father Damien, a fine granite cross on the Island of Molokai. New interest in the welfare of the lepers was enkindled and the study of the disease was inspired with new zeal. Meanwhile, Father Damien rested peacefully from his labors. But even this peace was to be disturbed.

At the request of King Leopold of Belgium, the body of Father Damien, still in good state of preservation, was disinterred at Molokai on January 27, 1936. Following

Mass, amid scenes of uncontrollable emotion, the casket was borne to the airplane which then carried it to Honolulu. Here, in the Catholic Mission, the precious remains reposed in state until February 3, when they were put aboard the United States transport Republic, which brought them to San Francisco. Public honors were paid to the body of the hero as on February 10 it was carried to St. Mary's Cathedral where it again reposed in state and where thousands filed by to gaze upon the casket and breathe a prayer. On the 15th it was again returned to the Republic which carried it to Panama. Here the Belgian training ship Mercator met the Republic and received the precious cargo. At long last, Father Damien, though long dead, was again among his countrymen. The Mercator in awful reverence bore the body through the canal, across the Atlantic, and to home.

Antwerp outdid itself in the reception which it gave to Belgium's hero. All available ships at Antwerp and Ostend sailed out to meet the Mercator at Vlissingen, the Dutch seaport at the mouth of the Scheldt, and in a most elaborate naval pageant escorted the Mercator to Antwerp on May 3. Following public ceremonies at Antwerp, amid scenes of fervid enthusiasm, the mortal remains of Father Damien were taken to his home city of Louvain. Here, in the square before the Church of St. Jacques, Belgian pride has already erected a monument. It now adds a religious shrine in the chapel of St. Joseph. In this hallowed spot, under his native sod, will henceforth repose the mortal remains of Belgium's Boast—Damien.

## Just What Is a Negro?

JOHN T. GILLARD, S.S.J., PH.D.

**I**N his own inimitable way, O. Henry tells the story of his search for a typical "man-about-town." Everybody seemed to know what a man-about-town should look like, yet an intensive running down of clues failed to bring a specimen to light. Ready to give up the search, O. Henry was accidentally struck down by a motor car and knocked unconscious. Next morning, reading the newspaper in the hospital, he came across an account of his accident which described how an unidentified man had been picked up unconscious and rushed to a hospital. The account ended with this statement: "He was a typical man-about-town."

O. Henry's difficulty in trying to find a man whom everybody knew yet nobody knew, was nothing compared with the difficulty experienced in trying to find a Negro. Everybody knows what a Negro is, yet nobody seems to know quite definitely just what a Negro is. Hundreds of thousands of Negroes in this country are every day passing for white. On the other hand, we are being told that the Ethiopians are a white race; at least ethnologists would have us believe so.

The axiom, of course, is that no Negro can ever accomplish anything of worth, and whenever indisputable facts of achievement threaten this Caucasian canon the facts must be explained on a basis of white blood. Other-

wise how explain the fact that Ethiopia managed for so long a time to retain its sovereignty and to achieve a degree of civilization which must be admired?

So, it would seem that in America one drop of black blood makes the whitest person a Negro, yet in Africa one drop of white blood makes the blackest native a Caucasian!

Most people think of all Negroes as being of a type, the "typical" African being described as black, woolly-haired, with coarse features, flat nose, thick lips, and a generally ferocious mien. The fact of the matter is that there is no such thing as a "typical" Negro in Africa or anywhere else, any more than there is such a thing as a typical European. The dawn of written history discloses many distinct Negro stocks in Africa, all differing widely and strikingly among themselves. There are no pure races in Africa, and all Africans are not black; in fact there is everything from light olive and yellow to a "sooty black" in the Sudan.

The necessity or custom of representing a general type has frequently led to absurdity. Leo Frobenius, the German scientist explorer, points this out:

Open an illustrated geography and compare the types of the African Negro—the bluish-black fellow with the protuberant lips, the flattened nose, the stupid expression, and the short, curly hair,

with the tall, bronze figures from Dark Africa with which we have of late become familiar, their almost fine-cut features, slightly arched nose, etc., and you have an example of the problems pressing for solution.

Ethnologists themselves do not seem to have arrived at a very satisfactory degree of unanimity in answering the question of what constitutes a Negro. Scientifically the answer will depend upon one's definition of race. But in spite of certain obvious differences between types of men, there is no satisfactory criterion for dividing men into definite races. As Melville Herskovits said: "One characteristic of race is that if you analyze it sufficiently you analyze it out of existence." If men who are supposed to know are unable to find a satisfactory basis for a definition of the word *race*, it follows that there will be no end of difficulty in classifying races. In this matter one has a choice all the way from Linnaeus, who first attempted to classify men by dividing them into three groups, all the way down to Gliddon, an American anthropologist who had 150 classes.

Ethnologists have tried to get around the difficulty by a process of elimination, so that if one were to eliminate from the term "Negro" all the Africans they exclude, one must come to the conclusion of Fredrick Ratzel that the hideous Negro type, examples of which the fancy of observers once saw all over Africa . . . has, on closer inspection, evaporated from almost all parts of Africa to settle, no one knows how, in just this region [a narrow strip of country extending from the mouth of the Senegal River to Timbuctu, and thence to the region about Senaar.]

Ethnologically, then, it would seem that, strictly speaking, the term "Negro" can be ascribed only to the inhabitants of a very small section of Africa and their descendants.

Biologists attempt to answer the question as to just what is a Negro with not much better success than do ethnologists. The structural criteria of race most commonly used have proved quite unsatisfactory. Texture of hair, stature, and cephalic index are not apodictic because, as a matter of fact, the measurements in all the groups overlap to such an extent that any generalization would be extremely hazardous.

Color, probably the most striking characteristic of what we conceive to be race, is most unreliable in answering our question. While it would seem that black should be black, white should be white, and brown should be brown, yet not so as regards the question of race, for there are "white" blacks and "black" whites, the dark whites being darker than the lightest blacks. A few years ago several swanky theaters and night clubs in Washington, D. C., hired "spotters" to identify Negroes who were passing for whites, but so many prominent Washingtonians were mistaken for Negroes that the practice had to be abandoned.

The functional criteria of psychologists are even less dependable than are the structural because there are greater variations within racial groups, individuals within the groups, and even within the same individual at different times, than between separate groups. Environment, whether climatic, occupational, social, or educational, offers

more adequate explanation of observable differences than does any inherited advantage or disadvantage of race.

If it is so difficult to define the contents of the term "Negro" from a physical point of view, how much more difficult will it be from a cultural angle? In the first place, it is gratuitously asserted that nothing good has ever come out of Africa. The opinion of the Western World toward Africa is in the process of a very slow, yet tremendous change. Africa is being rediscovered, and recent excavations and studies are multiplying indisputable evidence that the Negroes in Africa at one time or another achieved a remarkable degree of advancement.

Iron implements are said to have been used by the natives living near the heart of Africa long before Europeans employed iron. African pottery, basketry, bronze work, rock paintings, implements, and weapons show a high skill and keen appreciation of the beautiful which in some instances at least are still unduplicated by highly civilized races. Frobenius, who has done much exploratory work in Africa, wrote of ancient African culture:

The word *barbarism* cannot justifiably be applied to such culture; they had their own unique styles. If in comparison with our own we can find for it no standard and no recognition, the fault lies with the mentality of our times; we have become so spiritually poverty-stricken and presumptuous that we think of our civilization as the axis about which all else revolves.

European civilization, as typified in that of Rome, thrived because it was situated at the crossroads of the world where ideas could be exchanged and a mutual give-and-take accelerate the progress of that civilization. Africa was retarded more because of its isolation than because of its cultural sterility.

Here in America we encounter still greater difficulties in determining just what notes should be included in the concept of "Negro." The Negro in this country is no longer a black man—he is brown with plenty of "blue" blood flowing in his veins. His nose is being sharpened, his hair straightened, and his skin peroxidized, not so much by the arts of cosmetic pulchritude as by the slips of moral turpitude. Nordics and Negroes have crossed the color line so often that it is almost obliterated. Government statistics give twenty per cent as the proportion of the race that is mulatto, but more accurate and probably less-biased studies have given as high as twenty per cent as the proportion of the Negro race which has no white blood.

One might expect to find an answer to our query in the compendious volume of government statistics on the Negro recently issued by the Bureau of the Census. While the researches of the Federal experts tell practically everything there is to be known about the Negro in this country, nowhere do they disclose just what a Negro is.

Turning to the State statute books, one finds an amazing mass of arbitrary definitions and contradictory definitions. The statutes of Kentucky, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Texas state that a person of color is one who is descended from a Negro to the third generation inclusive, though one ancestor in each generation may have been white. According to the law of Alabama, one is a person of color who has any Negro blood



in his veins for five generations. Thus a person may be a Negro in Alabama but not a Negro in six other Southern States.

In Michigan, Nebraska, and Oregon one is not legally a person of color who has less than one-fourth Negro blood. Yet in Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Missouri, and South Carolina a person of color is one who has as little as one-eighth Negro blood, so that one who is legally a Negro in four States is not a Negro in three others.

The Constitution of Oklahoma provides:

Whenever in this Constitution and laws of this State the word or words *colored* or *colored race* or *Negro* or *Negro race* are used, the same shall be construed to mean or to apply to all persons of African descent. The term "white" shall include all other persons.

Thus, the progeny of white colonists in Africa, not to mention Egyptians and North Africans, would be classed as Negroes in Oklahoma, although ethnologists would class them otherwise. So, too, in Oklahoma, St. Augustine, Cyprian, et al., would be subject to the "Jim Crow" laws.

In Arkansas and Virginia persons of color include all

who have a visible and distinct admixture of African blood; in Virginia every person in whom there is ascertainable any Negro blood. Accordingly, anyone who is light enough to pass in either State is not a Negro.

While other States have no statutes defining the word *Negro*, nevertheless Arizona, California, Colorado, Delaware, Idaho, Louisiana, Montana, Nevada, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, West Virginia, and Wyoming forbid inter-marriage.

The "Jim Crow" laws, too, afford a sterling sample of the ludicrous lengths to which we Americans will go to delude ourselves on the question of race. I have ridden in a Pullman, slept in a sleeper, and eaten in a diner with Negroes all the way from St. Louis to Washington, D. C., passing through several States which have laws forbidding Negroes to ride from one station to another within the same State unless they journeyed in a "Jim Crow" car. Thus Negroes can ride with whites in Pullmans through some States, but Negroes cannot ride with whites in coaches between stations in the same States. Unutterable confusion marks the efforts of white men to define what every one thinks he knows—a Negro.

### Sociology

## The Countess Matilda and Catholic Action

P. W. O'BRIEN, S.J.

YOUTH ever loves an ideal. In all its undertakings, religious, social, or national, it looks to one it may imitate, to one who has set a standard, to one who will inspire and teach.

So, too, in Catholic Action it should not be surprising that youth should look for its ideal. Indeed, youth need not be disappointed, for in the field of Catholic Action there are many models. After all, Catholic Action is new only in name. It existed in the days when certain women of Jerusalem came to anoint the Body of the Master at an hour when the Israelites were still hushed in sleep and the dew still fresh upon the ground; it existed when Francis of Assisi walked the Umbrian hillsides preaching his doctrine of poverty, talking with the birds of the air and singing his song to the sun; it existed, too, when Isabella of Spain saved Christendom from the hands of the Turks, this same Isabella, who remains "one of the purest and most beautiful characters in the pages of history"; it existed when the soldierly Ignatius Loyola came forth from the cave of Manresa and gave to the See of Peter his talents and his life.

But somehow, Matilda of Tuscany, the beautiful young Countess, remains unique among the models of Catholic Action. Strange it is that modern historians have spoken so little about her, she whom the Divine Poet saw as the guardian of the Earthly Paradise. She is unique because she so completely portrays the idea of Catholic Action which, we are taught, is a "participation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy."

Now, the story of Matilda and Hildebrand is an old

one. One can still learn of it in the tales the Tuscan peasants tell, and one can almost read it in the battered walls and fallen rocks of the castle of Canossa. The fiery monk, Hildebrand, came to the throne of Peter in 1073, and the manner of accession was significant. There in the Lateran Basilica at the funeral of Alexander II, the people, the nobles, and the clergy, with one voice cried: "Hildebrand is Pope! The blessed Peter has elected Hildebrand!" The people were not unaware of the efforts of this small, quiet archdeacon to suppress simony and immorality so rife among the prelates and clergy, of his kindly guidance and sincere friendship for other Pontiffs. It was the Holy Ghost that prompted them and they would have no other.

The lean, ascetic Hildebrand, under his new name of Gregory, set about his work of reformation, and it would be to the ancient house of Canossa that he would turn for spiritual and material aid, as his predecessors had done before him. It had started with Siegfried, then there had been Azzo, and later Tedaldo, Boniface, and now Beatrice and her daughter, Matilda. He would turn to them, and not in vain.

When Matilda sat at the coronation of Gregory, she was already imbued with the same fire as he. She had listened to his burning words and had looked into his steady, piercing eyes. As a young girl she had often met this same Pope as Cardinal Hildebrand; at first she had been almost frightened at this short man with the thin, pale face and the bright red robes, at the keen eyes that seemed to gaze beyond the veil of flesh. But she had come

to love him, learning the meaning of his look, the eagerness of his soul, the love and gentleness in his every act. And now she knew what was to come, and she knew what she would do. She would work wholeheartedly for the cause of Christ, she would do whatever Gregory would have her do, she would listen to him, and she would obey.

Later, when Italian nobles and Norman princes would prey upon the lands of Peter, it would be Matilda and her gallant knights who would gallop across the plains of Tuscany to the aid of the Pope. When Henry IV and the anti-Pope, Guibert, would encamp for three years in the meadows of Nero outside the city of Rome, Matilda would take from the treasury of Canossa the finely wrought chalices, the gifts of other Pontiffs, the ancient hereditary crowns with their costly jewels, the gifts of kings and princes, the love tokens of a princely father and the heirlooms of a loving mother; all these she would gather up, finger them for a moment, for a moment think and sigh, and with a noble sacrifice send them to Gregory to aid him hold back the enemy of God.

Matilda sat at Gregory's famous Council of 1074 where she heard the spirited Pontiff denounce lay investiture, simony, and concubinage. Later, it was Matilda and her troops who escorted Gregory through Lombardy on his way to Germany, and was his hostess at Canossa where the penitent king, Henry IV, appeared to beg forgiveness from the Pope. We are not surprised to learn that when Henry later laid waste Matilda's vast domains of upper and middle Italy, she still remained the loyal servant of Gregory. Nor are we surprised that a woman of her strength of character, her loyalty and courage, won back her lands, and then made a great donation of them to the Holy See.

Through the greater part of her life, this lady devoted herself to the cause of the Church. Her years were a constant series of journeys taken in behalf of the Pope, of countless defenses against the enemies of the Papacy and its cause. From her twentieth year till her death forty-nine years later, she was the ever-faithful handmaid of the Papacy. When the world was darkened with sin, when men fought and killed for a name, when they forgot to help their neighbor and trampled on the unfortunate, Matilda stood forth in that night of darkness like a bright star on a distant horizon. When men were cruel, she was kind and merciful; when men hated and reviled, she loved and forgave. When men plotted against the throne of Peter, it was Matilda who went to its aid; even though men proved disloyal to her when most she needed them, she could yet keep her courage and gather new forces.

When Gregory died in exile at Salerno, a sorrowful, aged man, and Matilda, on the summits of Canossa, heard of it, she might have grown faint-hearted and discouraged, but she did not. Perhaps she looked down upon the cities lying at her feet, looked across the distant hills and saw a vision of the future, a new Rome and a new people. She may have seen the work of Gregory, so fruitless now, prove a lasting glory to the Church.

Indeed this was the spirit of Catholic Action; truly it is Catholic Action.

## Education

### The Research Phobia in Education

B. J. KOHLBRENNER

ONE of the astounding happenings in contemporary education is the increasing number of students pursuing work toward higher degrees. Although some of these may be sincerely interested in their own further education, candor demands that we recognize the effect of more stringent regulations of State departments of education and the various accrediting agencies. For the great mass of graduate students belong to the teaching profession; in Catholic schools they are mainly members of Religious teaching communities. It is obvious that the extrinsic motives in the pursuit of higher education far overshadow the intrinsic. But they are effective in certain States of the Union; one may not be a principal of a secondary school unless he possesses a master's degree; in others, one may not even teach in these schools without such qualification. The theory seems to be that the possession of an academic degree makes a teacher.

The consequence of this sort of legislation, together with the fashion that it sets, is the avid and anxious piling up of "credits" that eventually may add up to the required number for the prized degree. Although this sort of stimulation may be good for some members of the profession, at times it takes on pathetic twists, so that continuous rounds of summer schools and extension classes seriously interfere with sane living and good health. In too many instances, students who should be preparing for the next world are, instead, preparing for oral examinations.

Now, one troublesome element in this all-too-often senseless activity is the carrying on of a certain amount of "research." Exactly what this is meant to be is variously defined. Time was when it meant the actual discovery of some previously unknown and important fact. The element of originality was then an important one. But that idea has been whittled down, so that the term now covers a variety of things. The technique now appears to be the most significant phase. It matters not so much what the student does in his research problem, so long as he does it scientifically, which, in turn, tends to mean that he must count pages, or gerunds, or misspelled words, or noses. Be precise, use mathematical symbols; such is the temper of research work. It matters little, if you are precise on insignificant or silly problems. And so university library shelves become heavy with elaborately worked-out studies on methods of washing dishes, the sixty-one types of "services" performed by the school janitors, and the uses of the ablative absolute in the fragments of the minor Latin poets.

No one has ever shown the relationship between this sort of research and good teaching, but it would surely appear that there is little of a positive sort while there may be much of the negative kind. The research requirement was introduced when masters' and doctors' degrees were rare, and therefore valuable; also their possessors



were generally intellectually superior. But that whole situation has changed, except the requirement. Do we have here an instance of what the sociologists term "culture lag"? Why not recognize this change? Why not attempt to improve graduate students so that they may become better teachers, by putting them to work on teaching problems, by letting them observe great teachers at work? Let the research idea be retained for the prospective research workers. If something other than course work is desired of advanced students, let it take the form of an expanded term paper, a work that must meet at least two requirements: first, that the subject be significant and worthy of effort, and, second, that it be handled in a scholarly fashion. The criterion that the research study make a positive contribution to knowledge is usually untenable today. It should be obvious that with the present numbers of graduate students, it is impossible to expect originality from most of those preparing for the doctorate. Where it is still kept among requirements, it is often attained at the sacrifice of significance. The question recurs, why waste time in elaborate and "scientific" procedures on irrelevant matters?

If this intention of the research requirement is to discourage mediocre or weak students, it fails miserably in its purpose. Instead of the ideals of research being kept untarnished and unadulterated, they have been distorted so that almost anything that looks formidable enough in form and procedure can pass muster. The witchery of labels and mathematical symbols takes even the most wary off guard, and approval of inconsequential froth as solid scholarship may follow. A convenient means of documenting what I have asserted would be for the reader to peruse the section on American universities in Abraham Flexner's, "Universities, American, English, German," or to examine the dusty shelves of masters' and doctors' dissertations in any American university. He need not search further for evidence.

But the tragic side of the whole situation is that teaching problems facing elementary and secondary teachers are neglected. Again be it remembered that the vast majority of graduate students are these teachers. And there are in every school teaching problems that press for solution. But if the energies and attention of graduate students are bent to "profound" matters of research, these problems go unanswered or even unnoticed. The present condition of teaching in both primary and high schools indicates that teachers (1) do not have a sufficient general or specific education, and (2) that they do not know enough about how to teach. What part does research play in an attempt to relieve this condition? Logical analysis suggests that it has little relation to either phase of the situation, except in a negative way in so far as it prevents concentration on the acquirement of more extended knowledge and on developing skill in teaching. Common observation verifies this conclusion. Why not, then, make a frontal attack on these two weak spots in American schools in outlining programs and types of work for graduate students who are to return to these schools?

### With Scrip and Staff

WITH Germany and Japan out of the League, with Italy flouting the League's authority, ostentatiously walking out of Council sessions and even withdrawing its delegation to the International Labor Conference, there is a general comfortable feeling among those large numbers of American citizens who do not care a hoot anyhow about the League of Nations, that this issue, at least, is ceasing to be alive. We can settle down comfortably and say to ourselves that the back of the League has been broken. Either it will be largely a regional affair, or it will be merely a clearing house for information, and take on that more or less harmless character which Mr. Baldwin would appear to be designing for it.

Such a view fails to take into account that a new League, of a very much more powerful character, may be forming within the shadow of the old. The developments that have occurred with regard to Germany, Italy, and Japan, were practically inevitable as a result of the present League structure and political commitment. But all these things can pass, the League may undergo a hundred transformations, but none of this can interfere with the inevitable drift toward an international social, political, and economic organization that affects the world today.

This raises a question quite different from the time-honored discussion as to whether the United States should join the League or otherwise become associated with it. Assuming that the League or that Geneva will remain the natural center of such an international association, our question is, not *whether* such will eventuate—for it is apparently coming in one form or another—but what form will it take? And will that form be one that will advance or tend to destroy the Kingdom of God on earth? And what can we as Catholics do to prevent this movement taking on a destructive character?

FEELING somewhat lonely in expressing this point of view, the Pilgrim was heartened to see the same idea expressed recently by a highly competent observer, Miss Annie Christitch, AMERICA's old friend, contributor, and correspondent. Miss Christitch habitually takes a thoroughly realistic attitude toward Geneva. Her frequent visits there and her participation on international committees have always been in the role of a sympathetic but impartial observer, not committed to any interests or particular policies. The N.C.W.C. News Service carried recently a warning that she uttered in a speech at the annual conference of the University Catholic Societies Federation, held at Liverpool.

Unless Catholics the world over [she said] take a genuine interest and give practical support to Geneva, the League may be used to bring about a world disaster. . . . The League is only beginning. It is a step in the right direction and it is up to us Catholics and all religious-minded persons to develop it and prevent it from becoming an instrument for the pursuit of ends, not only different from those for which it was founded, but ends which in the long run may become absolutely godless.

What is the specific ground for Miss Christitch's fear? This she indicates in a sentence that I have omitted in the above quotation. "The advent," she says, "of the U.S. S.R. to a permanent seat in the League Council constitutes a grave danger to the Christian religion."

The inclusion of the Soviet Union in the League membership was for purely opportunistic reasons. It was invited to join not because the major Powers favored the Soviet policies nor wished to cooperate with the spread of revolution. But whatever was their motive in extending this invitation, the guest that took his place at their table brought with him a retinue of ideas, policies, and antagonisms that have badly shaken their mutual confidence. And the end is by no means in sight.

FROM the present banquet table of the League anything resembling firearms is carefully excluded. Machine guns and armored cars are excluded from Geneva. But guests are free to circulate all the information they desire concerning their respective armaments. Indeed, strenuous efforts are made to overcome their bashfulness in this respect. Only there is one condition. All this information is to be proffered solely in a helpful spirit. It is to assist the others to keep the peace. It is to be reassuring, not alarming. Each nation will show how few submarines, what small cruisers, with such moderate-size guns, at how limited an expenditure, it is producing, so that its neighbors will not lie awake of nights wondering what on earth is meant by all that hammering and pounding in the factories across the border. Anything like boasting is rigidly excluded by a brief, conspicuous, and widely acclaimed formula, entitled the Kellogg Pact, which outlaws war as an "instrument of national policy." Faithfully observed, this formula removes any threats from the aforesaid information. It prohibits the honored guests from shaking even a photograph of a bombing plane or the papier-maché model of an anti-aircraft gun at one another's head. There is simply to be no *threat of war*. Those days are gone forever.

But the new guest has brought with him a curious and much subtler weapon than the time-honored big stick. It is a highly resonant instrument that calms the ear and soothes alarms when first heard. Yet when its tones are repeated and prolonged, it produces an uneasiness strangely like that engendered by the big stick: the same fears, the same, or like political alignments. Not the threat of war, but the *fear of war* is the spell that melts the strongest will and fiercest ambitions today. The big stick flourished, because there were nations that longed to fight. The new weapon is potent, because none wish to fight, yet all are mortally afraid lest this reluctance catch them napping.

Yet Christians are bidden to fear war, as any reasonable man should, save as the last resort of justice otherwise utterly unattainable. How does such reasonable fear of war differ from this instrument so subtly used in the forging of a new world order? With the Pilgrim's space run out, he must leave the answer to this for another occasion.

THE PILGRIM.

## Literature

### The Marian Contest Ends

LEONARD FEENEY, S.J.

THE "Poem for Our Lady Contest" is over. The last few straggling manuscripts arrived on June 15. They were quickly read and entered (or not entered) in the list submitted to the board of judges. After due deliberation the winning poems were chosen. There were five judges, as agreed in the terms of the contest, all members of AMERICA's staff. Someone may ask: "Why didn't you have poets as judges?" The answer is: "How could we have poets when nearly all the poets we knew were themselves entered in the contest?" We do think, however, that, poets or no poets, the judges made an excellent selection. How excellent it was will be seen when the results are published in our issue of July 4.

Each week we have something interesting to add to our announcements relative to this contest. Our latest good news is this: ten poems will receive prizes instead of two, and all ten will be published in the above-mentioned issue. This will give a generous cross-section of the verses sent in and will demonstrate in a larger measure what a fine literary standard the contest reached. It is to be expected, of course, that many will disagree with the order of our choices. We do not mind; but we would like very much to know how Our Lady herself would arrange them.

The final total count of the poems was 2,679. This we think is an astounding number. Besides the work of finished versifiers, there were found in this contest a number of interesting documents from the standpoint of human interest.

We are particularly anxious to print the poem sent in by Contestant No. 2,527. It speaks for itself.

#### OUR LADY

Our Lady lives far, far away  
Up in the sky above;  
But she can see you all the day  
As though you were a dove,  
Flying over her throne so bright,  
Whispering little prayers  
Like "Mary, Mary, be my guide,  
Oh, Mary, hear my prayers."

Wouldn't you like to live with her  
And sit beside her throne?  
Wouldn't you like to talk to her,  
Talk to her all alone?

I'm only nine years old, but then  
I understand quite well  
That if I'm good I'll see her when  
In Heaven,—my secrets tell.  
I hope when God comes to judge me  
She'll speak to Him and say,  
"Son, she was a good little girl,  
She prayed to me every day."

In a check-up after the contest had been decided, it was found that the author of this graceful little poem was Miss Rosemary Dawn Regina Immaculata Hayes, of 1822



Master Street, Philadelphia, Pa. To her we extend the following greeting:

Dear Rosemary Dawn Regina Immaculata:

We are printing your poem "Our Lady" because it was one of the nicest poems received. When you are forty-nine years old instead of nine, you will never write a better poem than this. It will just *seem* to be better.

We are not surprised that you are able to write such a pretty poem for Our Lady. You sound like a part of her Litany. We are tempted to say *ora pro nobis* after each one of your names.

There will be some who will think we ought to give your poem an official prize and print it along with those of the grown-ups. We had half a mind to do so; but on second thought we said no. It would make you seem to do a stunt for us. We have a horror of "Shirley Temples," little girls who are conscious in a grown-up way of their own innocence. We do not want you to stop being nine years old just because you wrote Our Lady a lovely poem.

But you *are* going to get a prize. It will be a book, an interesting book carefully selected for you at the bookseller's. And we will inscribe it to you with our many good wishes. *Au revoir*.

Some of the documents entered were not poems at all, but were, nevertheless, pathetic and poignant in a way no poem could ever be. No amount of technical skill or articulate knowledge of the English language could enhance for us the value of manuscript No. 1,386. We had hopes of having a photostatic copy made of it, but that was found to be impossible on account of the faintness of the print. We have, however, typed it out on our own machine *just* as it was typed by the author. Poem No. 1,386 has no title. But we will give it a title. It should be called, by reason of the one clear-cut line it contains, "I Love Thee."

#### (I LOVE THEE)

t ucso n , .

O-h Mo t her Moa st Hi g h e We Hon or r Thee:—  
 Vi r g i n o f Vir g inn, s Obid en t Ser v an t ,  
 2 I conf i de in The,  
 Mot her of Mot herss, Moas t belov et ,  
 In St reng e land, a nd un knon tong s,  
 On los t r oad,s a nd s t or my s e s,  
 13Hopped in the, My Dea r Mot her ;  
 3  
 O-h Brr ig ht est St ar l  
 Thy Light s hinet on week a nd humble in dar kest c orner s  
 On Ea r th, nearr a nd fa r ;  
 Ea v en o nos s in er s , ; Thy Li g htShone my wa y  
 O-h Mers yful Mother of God  
 I Love Thee

There was a note appended to this poem in long hand. And it read: "Excuse Bad tape and misspelling, can you corect? I doo not call my self a Poet But Please can you except me? Hopping it will be some Good."

We do except you, No. 1,386, and accept you, too. And we think the word *misspelling* should always be misspelt ther way you have misspelt it. We like a word that illustrates its own meaning.

It was a pity to see so often in the contest a really good poem, with an interesting and original idea, spoiled by slovenly versification. Poem No. 1,696 was one of this kind. The poem is called "Mary's Handiwork," and it runs:

Heaven is a parlor closed until Someday;  
 Earth is the living-room where we all stay.

Each one has his chair and place;  
 And a rocker's by the fireplace,  
 Where a Lady sits all day and bends  
 O'er a workbasket and painstakingly mends.  
 Stitching our trouble, and darning our care;  
 And patching our hearts so they won't show the wear.  
 And oft she threads her needle, and takes our fondest  
 dream;  
 Then, putting on her thimble she gently sews a seam.  
 Love and hope they sometimes gap, and often do not meet  
 So she bastes them both together and stitches in a pleat.  
 When life shrinks up to nothing and one cannot make it fit,  
 She knows just where to find the tucks and let them out  
 a bit.  
 And someday when He finally breaks the flimsy thread  
 of Now;  
 She'll be there to catch the fallen ends—and save us all  
 somehow;  
 And lead us from the living-room of earth's long dream  
 Into the spacious parlor of His love serene.

This is pretty bad, but it need not have been so if the poet had only taken the time to learn the simple rules by which good verse is made. Versification alone does not make poetry, but a good poem cannot get along without it. Taking the pleasant ideas in the above poem just as they stand, reshaping them, and dropping out the "junk" lines, we were able, as anybody could if they took the time, to run the poem off on our own machine in the following version. We prefer to call it:

#### THE SEAMSTRESS

Our Lady is a seamstress; patiently she bends  
 Over the world's workbasket, and mends, and mends:  
 Stitching our trouble, darning our care,  
 Patching our hearts so they won't show the wear.  
 She likes to thread her needle, pick up a dream,  
 Slip on her thimble, and sew in a seam.  
 Love and hope they sometimes gap, often do not meet—  
 Our Lady has to baste them then and put in a pleat.  
 When life shrinks up with wearing and can't be made to fit,  
 She knows where all the tucks are and lets them out a bit.  
 And when it's time for God to come and clip the thread  
 of Now,  
 She'll run and catch the fallen ends—and save us all  
 somehow.

As we go to press with these last announcements before the "Poem for Our Lady" awards are made, a gloom comes over us on hearing that Our Lady's greatest troubadour in modern times is dead. G. K. Chesterton has gone to reap the reward of his singing before the throne of the Queen of Heaven whose praises he spoke in verse so often and so well.

There was never a more chivalrous poet than G. K. C. For all his bigness and clumsiness physically, and for all the boisterousness, exuberance, fun, indignation, and challenge in his writing, he was as chaste in mind as a little girl of nine. He understood women with a delicacy of insight which amounted almost to vision. Our Lady was his delight. In his "Collected Poems" one finds in page after page her name mentioned in some connection or other. He wrote one whole book in her honor, "The Queen of the Seven Swords." And in the days when Arnold Lunn who "now has seen" was an eclectic controversialist, poking satire at things he did not understand,

and dared to refer to Our Lady as "a party question," Chesterton took up his pen and in one of the most magnificent fits of indignation experienced by a valiant man wrote Lunn his answer in the poem "The Party Question." It is one of the most ringing and devastating defenses ever made to avenge the honor of a lady. I wonder if it was not the blow that set Lunn on the road to his conversion, a conversion which has meant so much to us of the Faith.

Chesterton was a true knight and bore a lance. That lance he may lay proudly and reverently before the Queen of the Seven Swords. His name and that of Our Lady's will always be linked in the minds of the present generation. And maybe, too, in the minds of the generations that will follow.

## A Review of Current Books

### Portrait of the Leader

HITLER. By Rudolf Olden. Covici-Friede. \$3.00.

THE author is, or was, a Berlin journalist who knows the German scene from close personal contact with recent melodramatic events. He is a political exile who feels the thrill and the tragedy of the Nazi movement. He has published a book on Hindenburg and the Prussian army, and so can write with some authority on the Reichswehr, real power in the Fatherland. He has no love for *der Führer*. How could he? But enjoying, as he does, the hospitality of Oxford, he marshals his array of telling facts with admirable calm and apparent objectivity.

His Hitler is a small man, riding a mighty surge of human passion, a mean man of barren soul and empty mind exciting millions to die for a cause, a Rousseauvian misfit in society, righting the wrongs of a nation, a foreigner from Austria in league with Prussian Junkers, a spellbinder of the masses in league with big industry, a darling of the people in the service of the army. He is a weak man who prates of power; his appeal is to will and the elemental forces of emotion, but he depends on others to make decisions for him. He is a little Mussolini who believes in himself. Through contradictions and contrasts Herr Olden leads his readers to a better understanding of a popular idol who is making history, but whose place in history will be uncertain for some years to come.

The key sentence of the book, if I may venture to choose one, is found in the indispensable glossary which the author has thoughtfully put in an appendix. "Hitler is a tool of the Reichswehr, of which he is Commander-in-Chief." *Der Führer* has been interpreted by writers and lecturers as a deliverer from depression and despondency, as a leader whose strength lay entirely in a reaction against Marxists, Jews, and the Versailles Treaty. Olden inclines rather to positive factors. The army, war industries, and the parasite Junker class are the partially hidden powers against which Hitler dare not move, and without which he has no desire to move. But they need Hitler no less than Hitler needs them. The wild man who holds the youth of Germany in his hand may be a child of circumstances, but as the voice of 60,000,000 people he is something more than a mere façade from behind which a militarist clique controls the frenzy of a new nationalism. The real rulers cannot dispense, for the present at least, with the master propagandist who so effectively preaches victory for the strong and brutal destruction for weak, who is loved by the lower classes whom he despises.

"It is not my duty to do justice," Göring once roared at a Nazi meeting, "but to destroy and annihilate." He was but applying

the crude ethics of his chief, who said in a revealing passage: "We may be inhuman! But if we save Germany, we have accomplished the greatest deed in the world. We may be unjust. If we save Germany, we have repaired the greatest injustice in the world. We may be immoral! But if our people is saved, we have paved the way for morality."

With such a philosophy in our ears we begin to understand the "legality" of the Revolution, and we shudder for the future.

The author has thrown some additional light on the unpromising background of the impecunious painter, the "flop-house" failure, the indifferent soldier who was nobody until the sad aftermath of war and the menace of future war gave him a new birth and a rare opportunity. He owed little to his family. About the only service rendered to him by the unimportant Austrian official who was his father was the change of the family name from Schücklgruber to Hitler, a name that sounds well in the title of a book or in the national salute. The reader will be interested in a few new details of the Munich *putsch* and of the party purge of 1934, in the sources of Nazi finances, and in the concluding sentence, which is a prayer of Pius XI: "Lord, scatter the nations that wish for war."

R. CORRIGAN.

### Curtain

OUR THEATRE TODAY. Edited by Herschel L. Bricker. Samuel French. \$3.00.

THE author, by an intelligent selection of contributors for the various chapters of his book, has succeeded in providing an interesting and convincing work. Roughly divided into two main divisions, it first deals with the history of the drama and its present decline. Alfred Harding traces the varying course of the drama down to our own time in a manner that, while necessarily brief, yet manages to embrace all the facts and events in a manner that provides excellent reading. At times the slang phraseology of the day slips in, but these lapses are infrequent, and for the most part the chapter is well done. He ends with a few remarks on the temporary eclipse of drama, and is hopeful for the future.

Irving Pichel takes up the burden at this point. Interested in the drama as it stands today, he states three reasons, which are, in his estimation, the causes of the temporary eclipse. Passing over the depression he says that he is "compelled to the belief that something more inexorable than the creeping paralysis of our economic life has been at work in the theater." Briefly, he believes that were we to trace the progress of the theater for the last twenty years we would find that at the beginning of that time there was a drastic change in dramatic exposition. This was not built upon a birth of new drama or dramatic poetry, but upon the flimsy skeleton of new design in scenic art. A new scenic renaissance came in and the young producers and designers of the day considered themselves as pioneers of the drama. With the arrival of middle age, this enthusiasm has left them and they are settling back waiting for the young of today to carry on. As yet the young have not responded, and as a result the decline has set in. This is his first reason. Sound pictures are a second, though whether they will ever fully take the place of the legitimate theater remains to be seen. Finally, he argues that the Little Theater groups have failed in one of their almost bounden duties. Content to feed upon current Broadway successes, they have offered little or no encouragement to creative work, with a result that is sadly in evidence. The picture, according to Mr. Pichel, is depressing, and the only gleam of hope that he finds, rests in the enthusiastic work of the university theaters and the professors who are devoting their lives to the future of the drama.

The second part of the book is entirely concerned with the actual production of a play, and the reader is taken through all the progressive stages from the day the producer first decides to stage the play until the opening curtain on the first night. The producer, the director, methods of directing, stagecraft, lighting, costumes, and makeup—each has a chapter or chapters devoted to it. Hence the book is of interest to the student of the drama, being written



by men and women who have actual contact with the stage and speak from actual knowledge. It shows him clearly what is required of him, scouting at the same time the idea that mere knowledge of theory is sufficient preparation for the stage. The theater of today in each of its departments demands specialization. The endless details that each phase of staging demands are brought out with a clarity that shows to what proportions the theater has grown.

The book will prove interesting to the theater-goer as well as to the student, giving as it does an insight of what is going on behind as well as in front of the stage. The competency of the various authors is shown in the fact that, while always technically correct, the book is always pleasant reading. It is a welcome adjunct to the literature of the stage.

WILLIAM F. GRAHAM.

### American Catholics

*HISTORICAL RECORDS AND STUDIES: Vol. XXVI. Edited by Thomas F. Meehan. United States Catholic Historical Society.*

THE present volume of *Historical Records and Studies* is, as have been the earlier volumes, a valuable contribution to the corpus of carefully documented and impartial accounts of American events and of America's growth. Catholic historians of the past have too often followed in the footsteps of the great Augustine, and written apologetics with a noble disregard of historical fact. No such charge can be brought against the writers of the Historical Society. It is generally realized now, both within and without the Church, that Catholicism stands in no need of special pleading and that the records of Catholics who have played a part on the stage of history may be written as matters of sober fact and not after the manner of a pious story. And by such accounts, as by the present collection, does Catholicism in American history assume the lineaments and color of life.

Two of the five articles of the volume treat of the Confederate agents in Ireland, in particular of Father John Bannon, S.J. The author, Father Ignatius Ryan, C.P., relates the endeavors of the North to recruit in Ireland and the successful campaign of propaganda which brought to an end the Irish emigration to the Northern armies. The further repercussions of this matter and of the activities of the fighting Irishman, Father Bannon, in British diplomacy are skilfully woven into Father Ryan's account, and the reader will easily fit this historical vignette into the larger picture of the troubled times, the hot disputes of Northern and Southern clergy, the missions of Mason and Slidell, and the bewilderment of Charles Francis Adams at the evasions of British diplomacy, Adams being finally moved to protest, unlike his more credulous successor of recent war times: "This, Sir, is war."

Father Bannon was not a Jesuit when he went to Ireland as the Confederate agent, but a priest of the St. Louis Archdiocese. He was not received into the Society until after the Civil War ended. Assigned to the Dublin Community, for more than thirty years thereafter he was one of the most active, popular, and successful preachers, missionaries and directors in all Ireland. The editor notes his indebtedness for the hitherto unavailable details of Father Bannon's career to the research and kind assistance of the Rev. Laurence Kenny, S.J., of the University of Detroit.

"The Slavery Question in Catholic Newspapers," by Cuthbert Edward Allen, O.S.B., is an excellent work of illustrative compilation. The tolerance of Catholic editors in both the North and the South was, as Father Allen points out, opposed in true Catholic harmony to the radicalism of the Abolitionists and proved to be practically the only unifying influence on the divided nation, an influence unfortunately unsuccessful.

T. J. Reardon writes the opening article of the volume, an interesting and valuable account of the sesquicentennial celebration of St. Peter's, "Mother Church of Catholic New York."

The final article, by Thomas F. Meehan, Editor of the Society's publications, concerns the United States' first official representative

at the Court of the Pope, Giovanni Battista Sartori. His official life, extending from 1797 to 1853, covers one of the most interesting transitional periods of American history, and Mr. Meehan offers new documents which link Sartori's life with some of the best known names of the times. The editor and the writers represented in this volume are to be congratulated on serving faithfully and ably the cause of American Catholic history.

MALCOLM L. STEWART.

### Shorter Reviews

*JOHN REED. By Granville Hicks. The Macmillan Company. \$3.50.*

AN extremely interesting account of a young American and revolutionary (1887-1900), born in Oregon and buried near Lenin in Moscow. In many ways Reed was nothing but an embodiment of principles subversive of self-discipline, of religion, of morality, and of all social theories save those founded on his emotional sympathy for misery. He was logical enough to carry into practice what is being taught by dozens of American professors.

The reader will learn much from this biography graphically written and abounding in detail, and will be irritated as he subscribes or not to the amoral individualism of this young man. The portrait is not fully limned. Reed's outlook on morality is plain enough, but there is a singular lack of presentation of his views on the problem of God and religion. One feels at the end that had what Reed said and thought on these points been fully given, he would have been a much less attractive character. W. J. McG.

*MANUAL OF PATROLOGY. By F. Cayré. A. A. Desclée.*

THIS book should prove invaluable not only for the seminarians for whom it was intended but to a much wider circle. It brings together in two compact volumes the elements of Patristic History and Literature, History of Dogmas, and Positive Theology, and History and Principles of Spirituality. Ample biographical documentation which is rich and up-to-date, objectivity, as far as possible, in disputed questions, a clear, readable format, and several indices are all indications of its completeness and worth. The doctrinal index in particular should help its readers in finding answers to problems and should provide them with much material for deeper investigation. J. S.

### Recent Non-Fiction

*THE INTELLECTUALISM OF SAINT THOMAS. By Pierre Rousselot, S.J. This book (the original French edition appeared before the World War) has had to wait long for a translator. It belongs to the dozen or more books issuing from the press since the Leonine revival of Scholastic philosophy which are really epoch-making books rather than mere watered-down compendia. Rousselot examines the concept of intellectualism and finds it very different in St. Thomas from the rather arid business it is made out to be by authors who did not go to the original sources. By intellectualism Rousselot means "the doctrine which places the supreme value and intensity of life in an act of intellect, that sees in this act the radical and essential good, and regards all things else as good only in so far as they participate in it." A large portion of the book examines in detail St. Thomas' intellectualism. (Sheed and Ward. \$2.50.)*

*TRAVEL TABLOIDS: IRELAND. By the Rev. James H. Cotter. One who knows his Ireland well has written this book. He knows his Ireland from the past, its history and culture and sanctity. He knows it in the recent past in its passionate struggle for a place among the nations and full freedom. He knows it in its beautiful country, in its towns and counties, and in the hearts of all who live in its rural and urban places. Dr. Cotter has become almost the patriarch of Ireland and these small essays make engaging reading as well as directive reading for one going to Ireland. (Published by the author. Irontown, Ohio.)*

## Communications

*Letters to insure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Confusion

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

Under "Note and Comment" the May 30 issue of *AMERICA* regards as surprising the fact that there are in the United States some three thousand Catholic publications of various and sundry qualities and purposes.

To the Catholic layman who seriously considers the Catholic press, the element of surprise is secondary to the confusion in the whole situation. The Church which bases its claim of authenticity upon its unity is represented to the public by an assorted array of publications, many of which justify their existence in one way or another, but on the whole not one is an outstanding messenger of the Faith.

The difficulty was brought home to the writer some time ago. The Irish in his anatomy forced a discussion of Catholic doctrines with a religious organization which operates a local broadcasting station, a publishing concern and a seminary. There has since been a noticeable reduction in the amount of anti-Catholic static on the air. When the incident was closed a search began for a Catholic publication which would be suitable to mail to these organizations; one which would appeal to men of some learning and which would set out in clear and concise terms the why and wherefore of the Church. Finally, without by any means reaching the objective, one was selected and a subscription entered in each name.

Why, in a country where some twenty million people profess a single Faith, is there no outstanding publication which will present these people and their Church to their fellow-citizens in a manner authoritative, dignified, instructive, interesting and entertaining? Other sects without the wealth of background enjoyed by the Catholic press are doing far more in this direction.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. R. O'HANLON.

### Man on Earth

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

Replying to the letter by the Rev. Agatho Strittmatter, O.S.B., under the caption "Protest" in your issue of May 30, I should like the opportunity of pointing out certain un-Catholic philosophy contained therein.

Your correspondent stated: "There are just too many in high Catholic places, nowadays, who are overzealous for the workingman and his rights, and in their zeal forget entirely the fellow that makes it possible for the workingman to get some or any employment."

There is much pagan philosophy expressed in the above statement as well as an evidenced unfamiliarity with the subject of labor. To imply that the workingman is beholden to an employer for "some or any employment" is to express the pagan philosophy that might makes right. It would appear that your correspondent has for the moment forgotten two things. First, that the great majority of employers hire purely because of their own personal gain which results from the accomplishments of the one hired, rather than because of charitable intentions. Secondly, that the workingman's right to a job is a Divine right.

While the latter statement may be little understood, such a conclusion may be arrived at by the following reasoning. Man's purpose in existing on this earth is to work out his eternal salvation. Man is a creature so constituted that while working out his eternal salvation, he requires certain nourishment to sustain life. The earth, which provides this sustenance, was created for man for this purpose. To deny that the Creator would create a

man so constituted that he required certain nourishments, without creating also a means whereby he would obtain this nourishment, is to deny the infinite wisdom of the Creator. To deny that a just distribution of this sustenance was intended is to deny the infinite justice of God.

Thus, inasmuch as the workingman's right to a job paying a just wage is a Divine right, it is the duty of "those high in Catholic places" to defend this right with all the zeal that they possess. To say that there are too many who realize and execute this duty is untruthful, as there are altogether too few who do. Neither do they spread the seeds of Communism as some would have us believe, but rather they prevent Communism because they attack those deplorable conditions without which Communism would cease to exist.

Pittsfield, Mass.

F. L. EMERY.

### Evil

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

May an interested bystander make a few remarks on the subject of birth control and birth-control bills?

It is not necessary to point out to an experienced campaigner like Mr. Goldstein that the majority of the backers of a birth-control bill do not realize that such a bill would not only disseminate knowledge to husband and wife, but also through the operation of birth-control clinics, would contribute to a great increase of sex immorality among the unmarried.

St. Paul, Minn.

WALTER H. WALLRAFF.

### Doers

*To the Editor of AMERICA:*

An eloquent and forceful writer in *AMERICA* of May 16, John J. O'Connor, a young Catholic layman, asks for a practical program of action. He is under the impression that "the Encyclicals have never received an authoritative interpretation and application according to the mind of the Holy See to the special circumstances of the United States." He is mistaken in this.

Such a program as Mr. O'Connor has in mind was formulated and promulgated in 1913 by the Catholic Social Guild of Louisiana, whose founder and organizer was the Rev. Edward Rombouts. Archbishop James H. Blenk, of New Orleans, after a careful examination of the constitution and by-laws and program of the Guild gave them his "most cordial approval" and cooperated energetically in the efforts of the Guild to make its fundamental principles effective. Father Rombouts had given many years of study to this question and was undoubtedly the pioneer in this attempt to establish a Catholic social movement in the South.

Among the fundamental principles of the Guild was that insisted on by the Encyclicals: the necessity for the combined action of the Church, the state and the working classes themselves in order to attain a just and permanent solution of the labor question. Another fundamental principle in this program was "the inalienable right of the workingmen to organize themselves into unions conformable to justice and public order, for the protection of their interests and to secure especially through collective trade agreements, a fair day's pay for a fair day's work."

The Guild enlisted the active support of progressive and aggressive members. A campaign was carried on in behalf of union labor and of collective trade agreements. The organization of the Guild was preceded and greatly inspired by an able series of newspaper articles on the "Church and Labor" by Father Rombouts. This was in 1911. The work attracted not only local but national attention. Father Shealy thought so highly of these articles that he distributed them to the men who came to the retreat house at Staten Island. This matter is as valuable today as when written.

The Guild ceased to function as an organization when the events of 1914 and the years that followed scattered its members to various parts of the country. The great need for such social-intelligence units as the Guild attempted to be is plain to all who keep



informed of the trend of events. The absolute necessity for the effective support of organized labor against attacks from without and steady "boring from within" is apparent.

Among the readers of AMERICA are many men like Mr. O'Connor, men of the type and character required for effective and sustained social action. The men who read AMERICA regularly do so because they are interested in the things AMERICA stands for. The work of the Editors of AMERICA naturally tends to inspire men to action. AMERICA like the "Exercises" is not intended for those who merely read, but who wish to do.

For twenty-six years AMERICA has "prayed, worked, and sacrificed" to produce men who would give us action. Surely there is some way to reap the harvest. Who will tell how this is to be done?

New Orleans, La.

V. N. DASPIT.

### A Con

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Having been away for several months, I just caught up with back numbers of AMERICA. Read a lot of pros and a few cons on streamlined Masses and prayers. With temerity, I take my stand with the cons. My grandfather in Ireland told me that Masses were said in his day in less than twenty minutes and he often walked five or ten miles to hear Mass, depending on what barn, cave, or quarry Holy Mass was said in. This was due to the fact that the dragoons or lancers might find them before Mass was finished.

A friend told me that he said a complete act of contrition while his automobile was turning over. Thousands of workers that hear daily Mass could not do so if the Mass lasted much over twenty minutes. A Protestant friend said the main reason for not attending his church any more was that the services and sermons he was compelled to listen to when a boy were too long; this might possibly apply to lots of Catholic boys also. The prayers at low Mass can be said fervently in fifteen minutes if necessary.

I dare say Our Lord approved of the twenty-minute Masses and the fast prayers said fervently without distraction. Why should our dearly beloved brethren criticize?

Montvale, N. J.

H. J. BURLINGTON.

### Nuns

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Anyone who has taught for even a short term in a Catholic high school must notice the force of the influence of the nuns on the character of our children. The majority of our boys come to us well instructed, distinctly loyal, and charmingly pious. We consider our work very well done if we can keep our youth imbued with the spirit with which they have been sent to us.

The work of our Sisters is invaluable. Often they must labor under the stress of inadequate facilities, but they push on doing the work of Christ. No doubt each one of them will be attended in heaven by a white-robed retinue of sinless children, and they seek no other reward. Still, that is no reason why we should not do just a little more to help them do a work so sublime. The mothers and fathers of the children whom they are shielding from sin should show at every opportunity the appreciation which they surely must feel.

Chicago, Ill.

I. H. WHITEHEAD, S.J.

### No Hush

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have always read with interest the issues of the *Catholic Mind* but I have not profited as much as my interest would warrant. It has become increasingly apparent to me that your selection of articles is somewhat limited. Strangely enough the titles are far superior to the articles under them.

I am a young college man recently graduated with an M.A. degree from a secular college in the fields of education and psychology. Exclusive of the first eight grades all of my education has

been in secular institutions. As a result I have met and faced many controversial questions which my parochial, religious, and missionary education did little to answer but which might have been alleviated had Catholic writers assumed a different attitude.

It appears to me that the time has come for less emphasis upon the wrath of God for those who have questions and His boundless mercy and goodness for those who have not. Rather, more stress should be placed upon the practical solution of those many problems facing every intelligent Catholic man, and woman. Our trust must be in education, yes, but not the type of education which hushes questions or offers the solution of "so it was written."

Since there can be no controversy between science and religion it follows that there can be no need for inadequate explanations of articles of Faith which might be viewed in an objective manner. The sad part about Catholic education as viewed in its results is that Catholic students in higher education are incapable of discriminating between the fundamental tenets of their Faith (which are rarely questioned in ordinary educational circles) and seven-day creation and Jonah-and-the-whale incidents which come in for much misguided criticism out of all proportion to their weight in our Faith. Too often have I witnessed a serious impairment of faith because some geology professor chose to make each creation day twenty-four hours long when it does not necessarily need to be so considered. Ridicule when it apparently has a basis in fact is a most potent and deadly undermining factor.

Catholic priests are prepared through a long period of study to present and defend in a logical way the scientific basis for our holy Faith; let them be supplemented by you in articles which are not fearful of trusting in the reasoning powers of the educated Catholic layman. It is glibly stated that the average Catholic is afraid to discuss his religion but the reason for this fear is not correctly stated. Some have said it is caused by ignorance: the real cause is that even though the average Catholic knew verbatim all of the tenets of the Catholic Faith he would not and could not successfully defend them because he has never been informed that they will bear a pseudo-scientific scrutiny (the only type they will have to bear since we are dealing with metaphysical implications).

It has been tacitly assumed that the Catholic Faith must be ever defended; rather its chance lies in its being freely discussed that our own convictions might be strengthened. Would that we might have that opportunity! It is necessary that Catholic Faith in so far as possible be drawn out of the sheer realm of faith metaphysical and viewed in an objective, catholic light.

Kent, Ohio.

PAUL WILLIAMS.

### Children

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In conjunction with the very thought-provoking articles you have been giving us on the reading of children, it is a timely correlation to have for our children a book club such as the Pro Parvulis Book Club, 74 Beaufort Street, Providence, R. I. May this national book club for Catholic boys and girls have a splendid and an eager welcome from all parents and educators!

Clifton Forge, Va.

JAMES SAMUEL.

### Rectification

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In regard to my article, "Socialistic Construction in Theory and Practice," in the issue of AMERICA for June 20, I wish to amend a mistake which somehow crept into my manuscript and which you will find now on page 246, second column, third and fourth lines from the bottom. The percentage of output increased is 160 per cent, of wages increased 103 per cent. These changes do by no means invalidate the conclusions to be drawn from the figures as they stand now, but since it is not unlikely that Communists might try to refute my arguments, I leave it to your discretion whether or not a short rectification of these figures should appear in the next issue.

New York.

FRIEDRICH BAERWALD.

## Chronicle

**Home News.**—The Republican Convention came to a close with the unanimous nomination of Col. Frank Knox of Chicago for the Vice Presidency. His selection came after the flat refusal of Senator Vandenberg to take second place. John D. M. Hamilton, Governor Landon's pre-convention campaign manager, was made chairman of the Republican National Committee. Throughout the United States on June 15, the Government began to make good its bonus obligations to the amount of \$1,900,000,000. In official circles it was hoped that this flood of money would mean an upswing for business. Speaking at Dallas, Tex., President Roosevelt assailed the tendencies in business toward monopolies. On his return to Washington, the President was non-committal about the results of his Southwestern journey and about his campaign plans. After a long deadlock the House conferees on the tax bill finally had hopes of a settlement. Although no formal vote was taken members of the conference said in private that a basis for compromise had been reached. This will consist in slightly decreasing the existing taxes on incomes of corporations and the imposition of taxes ranging between seven and twenty-seven per cent on undistributed corporate income taxes. The night of June 6 saw the end of all the lending activities of HOLC. It turned itself exclusively to the fifteen-year task of collecting more than \$3,000,000,000 extended during the past three years to 1,016,000 borrowers. Of these, 290,000 must begin monthly repayments of the principal as well as interest. Their time limit is twelve years. About 726,000 will have fifteen years. The amount of payment on the average loan will amount to \$24 per month. House conferees on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, which includes the \$1,425,000,000 asked by President Roosevelt to continue work relief under the WPA for another year, agreed on a measure virtually the same as that passed by the Senate. Instead of Administrator Hopkins, however, President Roosevelt himself would be responsible for the fund. By a standing vote of 161 to 90, the House passed and sent to the Senate on June 16 the "Scissors Substitute" Guffey Coal Stabilization Bill. The labor provisions invalidated by the Supreme Court decision were deleted. Otherwise the bill was practically a re-draft of the original. Leaders of the United Mine Workers endorsed the measure. The Florida ship-canal project, which was begun at the order of the President following the last great hurricane, was killed once more in the House on the afternoon of June 17. The defeat, which was expected to be the last for this much-resurrected bill, resulted from a vote of 108 to 62. Despite the threat of President Green to drop them from the American Federation of Labor, the steel workers' committee continued its drive to organize some 450,000 steel workers under one union banner. The aim of this union is to be able to bargain collectively, to enable the workers to voice their grievances, and to allow them to secure the privileges that are theirs as men and

citizens. A report that the steel industry was planning a ten-per-cent wage increase was received by the workers as an attempt on the part of the industry to offset the Lewis unionization drive.

**League Council to Meet.**—Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, announced to the League of Nations that the Council would meet June 26 instead of June 16. Agenda would be the Ethiopian question, the Locarno treaty, report of the committee on slavery, and the settlement of Assyrians in Iraq.

**British to Oppose Sanctions.**—In a ringing address to the House of Commons on June 18, Mr. Eden declared that Great Britain would "strongly advise" the abandonment of sanctions against Italy. He argued that Great Britain was right in imposing sanctions against Italy last year and in taking a determined stand at Geneva against aggression, as the only honorable course that could have been followed. Sanctions, however, had to be abandoned because any decision arrived at in Geneva must be collective. His speech followed the presentation to the French Government of a British plan which was described as including a general revision of the League Covenant, and as calling for the cancelation of sanctions on the ground that they had failed to prevent the conquest of Ethiopia and that it was now impossible to punish Italy. Articles XV and XVI were thereby to be abolished. Nations of the League would be divided into regional groups, with an obligatory application of sanctions to be called for only in the region where an act of aggression occurred. A meeting of the British Cabinet preceded Mr. Eden's speech and endorsed his attitude.

**Belgium's Cabinet.**—After Paul Van Zeeland had informed the King that he was unable to form the three-party Government which the King had requested, Liberal and Socialist leaders were summoned to the palace for a long conference with the King. As a result the Cabinet crisis was solved. A new Van Zeeland Government was formed, dominated by the Socialists with six portfolios; Catholics have four ministries and Liberals three. Meanwhile the strike situation became serious. Steel, coal, transport, building, paper, and textile industries were deeply affected and fears were expressed of a general strike—the consequence, the Government claimed, of the activities of foreign agitators. Two Provinces declared martial law, and in other places armed forces and machine guns were in the streets. On Wednesday the new Premier announced an agreement on four points of the strikers' demands. These, a minimum wage, paid vacations, a forty-hour week, and a government guarantee of trade-union liberties, closely resembled the demands of the workers in France. No serious violence or bloodshed had been reported in the growing labor troubles up to the end of the week.

**French Labor.**—Despite conflicting reports the strike situation in France saw no important changes during the



week. Although thousands returned to work in Paris, a score or more strikes persisted, and the capital was particularly inconvenienced by the refusal of the department store workers to return to their jobs. In the Provinces the number of strikes increased, and the transport troubles in Lyons threatened for a while the health and food supply of the city. But meanwhile the Senate passed three of the bills already adopted by the Chamber and was preparing to vote soon on the collective-bargaining agreements and the forty-hour week. On Wednesday there were riots in Marseilles when about 5,000 members of the Leftist People's Front attacked a parade of Nationalists. The Mobile Guards intervened, and no deaths were reported. The nation was disturbed by persistent rumors that Colonel De La Rocque, leader of the Croix de Feu, was preparing to lead his followers in a march against Paris.

**Spanish Violence.**—José Gil Robles, leader of the Popular Action party, rose in the Cortes last week and published some interesting figures which the censorship had hitherto kept from public knowledge. Since the Popular Front had taken power on February 16, he said, the following statistics could be written down: 160 churches burned, 251 partially destroyed. Two-hundred and sixty-nine persons had been killed in public disorders; more than 1,500 were seriously wounded. Ten Right newspapers were wrecked; thirty-three badly damaged. There had been 340 strikes, throwing millions out of work. Within the last two days, the leader went on, there had been 65 deaths and 230 wounded, with 170 new strikes declared. At the conclusion of his speech no Government official cared to challenge the figures. On Wednesday dramatic emphasis was given to Sr. Gil Robles' remarks as Syndicalist labor unions marched through the main street of Madrid and hurled bombs at a well-known restaurant. Between the striking Syndicalist and Socialist labor unions the split grew more intense, with the two factions engaged in bloody disputes. By the end of last week nearly 150,000 workers continued on strike in the capital.

**Catholic Germans Parade.**—Catholic processions marked the Feast of Corpus Christi in Catholic sections of the Reich. In Munich a procession one and one-half miles long wound its way through the city streets. Public buildings, always profusely decorated in previous years for the occasion, were forbidden to take any notice of the Feast. Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior, issued the order. Catholic youth organizations were not allowed to carry any banners. The mock trials concocted by the Hitler regime in an attempt to asperse the Catholic clergy continued. Several members of Franciscan lay organizations were sentenced to prison on what informed circles declared to be spurious evidence. The usual Nazi propaganda was issued after each trial for use in home and foreign newspapers.

**Nazi Police Chief.**—Heinrich Himmler, commander of

the Nazi Special Guards and of the Gestapo, was given the post of Chief of the German Police in the Ministry of the Interior. He will have command of every branch of the German police, and will be "directly and personally" under the Minister of the Interior, Dr. Wilhelm Frick. This decree of Chancellor Hitler appeared to strip Col.-Gen. Hermann Goering of control of the Prussian police, but observers doubted this would be its practical effect. According to an unconfirmed news dispatch, a secret organization of the followers of Capt. Ernst Roehm is conducting a terrorist campaign against Nazi officials. Bodies of many Special Guards and Storm Troopers were said to have been found murdered with the mark of the organization on their bodies. Even Chancellor Hitler received threatening letters, the report declared.

**German Workers Protest.**—An event of great significance was seen in the publication by the *Voelksischer Beobachter*, official organ of the Nazi party, of anonymous letters from workingmen which complained of declining wages and rising industrial profits and mocked the Socialist pretenses of the Hitler Government. Heretofore, prison terms were the reward of similar complaints. Discussion of them now by the Hitler press was interpreted as indicating such widespread discontent among the working classes that the Nazi war lords feel repressive measures no longer politic. A new wave of Nazi terrorism was reported to be sweeping through the free city of Danzig.

**Australia Arms.**—In keeping with the statement issued last Spring by Prime Minister Joseph Aloysius Lyons that Australia "must be in a position to fight if we have to," the Minister of Defense, Robert Archdale Parkhill, recently indicated that the Government's defense program will be rushed to reach completion in 1937. Munitions and plane factories have been set to work. Thirty-three planes costing \$5,000,000 have been purchased from Great Britain. A new air-force station is to be built at Melbourne. A complete coastal defense program has been outlined, beginning at Brisbane, Queensland, on the East coast, and running around to Fremantle, in Western Australia, and thence down to Hobart in the Island of Tasmania, a distance of 4,000 miles. Plans for large increases in the naval strength are also under way. The original appropriation proposed for the defense program over a three-year space was \$100,000,000. Whether this quota will be reached is a matter of speculation. One of the Canadian newspapers interpreted the Australian move as a "very real fear of Japanese aggression."

**Arabs and Jews in Palestine.**—Insisting that the Arabs would continue fighting in Palestine until all the Jews who had come thither since the War were expelled, the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem, Haj Amin El Husseni, who is also head of the Arab High Council, had an unsatisfactory conference recently with Britain's High Commissioner, Sir Arthur Grenfell Wauchope. The British Commissioner, failing to reconcile the Arab-Jewish claims, called the military reservists of the frontiers to arms, ex-

tended the curfew law, and attempted to prevent the smuggling of guns and ammunition from adjacent Arab countries, armed river boats patrolling the Jordan, and cut off all telephone communications. It was stated that Moslems throughout the world have offered to raise \$2,500,000 to buy up Jewish lands in Palestine. The Jews are reported to be displeased with the British Commissioner for not affording them stronger protection.

**Quebec's Premier Resigns.**—After a thirty-nine year control of the Legislature, the Canadian Liberal Cabinet and its leader, Premier Taschereau, in control for the past sixteen years, resigned in the face of opposition from the Action Libérale Nationale, and on charges that the Prime Minister had given to his brother money belonging to the Province and had put it to his own account. Taschereau is succeeded by Adelard Godbout, former Minister of Agriculture, who will attempt to make a compromise with the opposing group and prevent the Province from going radical in its legislative measures. The former Prime Minister is seventy years of age and has served in political life for fifty years. After his failure to secure his first candidacy in 1892, he has never since suffered a political defeat. The new elections are set for August 15. Only three or four newcomers are expected in the Cabinet of Premier Godbout.

**Little Entente Meeting.**—Optimism was expressed by Eduard Benes, President of Czechoslovakia, as a result of the conference of Little Entente statesmen at Bucharest. "Henceforth," he said, "our politics will be unified. . . . We are going to translate this unity into practice with meetings of a technical nature." Worry and alarm, he believed, were much exaggerated. From Rumania he carried away an impression of great security and progress. Similar sentiments were expressed by King Carol of Rumania, who emphasized the work that he was doing for the education of Rumanian youth. Jugoslavia, likewise, agreed to the declaration of unity.

**Schacht Visits the Balkans.**—Much interest was taken in financial circles in the visit paid by Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, Germany's Minister of Economics, to Balkan countries. At Athens he discussed Greco-German trade and the liquidation of \$7,000,000 in Greek credits frozen in Germany. It was reported that a similar liquidation was in process in Bulgaria. Germany was reported as supplying Bulgaria's war needs. Dr. Schacht then flew to Budapest, where he conferred with Hungarian political and financial leaders. Hungarian economists wished to keep Germany as an agricultural market.

**China's Conflict.**—Japanese warships arrived in South China on June 14, and Japanese marines prepared to march to Canton. A great Chinese mass meeting held at Canton brought forth resolutions for a telegraphic demand to Nanking asking immediate action to resist Japanese "aggression": for a nation-wide order to military authorities to mobilize their forces to block the Japan-

ese "invader," and for requests to Chinese in every nation to urge Nanking to fight Japan.

**Eucharistic Congress.**—Great preparations for the reception of thousands of pilgrims from all parts of the world are now being made to attend the thirty-third International Eucharistic Congress to be held in Manila, February 3-7, next year. The Philippines are Catholic, rich in the traditions of the Church for five centuries. The total population of the Islands numbers 15,000,000, of which eighty-two per cent, or nearly 12,000,000 are Catholic. The trans-Pacific Congress ships will be used at Manila as floating hotels within walking distance of the Luneta, the great public park, where most of the open-air celebrations of the Congress will be held. The Philippine people are aware of the great dignity and privilege that has been conferred upon them. As a result, there has been a re-awakening of faith all over the Philippine Islands.

Farewell to Old Style, the type face we have used through many years. These paragraphs are the last in Old Style. Next week, AMERICA will come to you in the most modern of types, the newest style.

For many years these paragraphs of forecast have ended the last column; next week they will be in the first column of all. The editorials which have followed close upon the contents will be—where? In the best position of the periodical. That is a discovery we have made. We have made other discoveries, in the kind of paper, in the arrangement of titles (which will be big and bold), in the designing of every page (and every page will satisfy the esthetic sense).

Briefly, AMERICA, July 4, 1936, will be dressed as exquisitely as we can garb it. But the spirit and the heart of AMERICA will be as ever.

We invite inspection. You, our faithful readers, continue to be faithful. You, our friends, speak to your friends about AMERICA. Persuade them to examine us on July 4, and July 11. Make them subscribe for a month, six months, a year, for ever.

We have changed AMERICA because we felt that it should be changed and because we believed that you, who have ever been close to us, wished it to be modernized. We have acted on a conviction: namely, that we were justified in incurring greater costs because we were guaranteed greater support. We trusted in the support to be given by the readers of the past.

Ever since we have been announcing that the issue of July 4 will be different, we have been receiving many new subscriptions. Next week, we are printing thousands of extra copies; our first estimate was, we found, too low. We are now increasing the number. Guarantee for us this increase, by ordering extra copies for distribution to your friends. We believe you will be proud of the new AMERICA. Introduce it everywhere, please.